



Polar explorer saved by Inuit



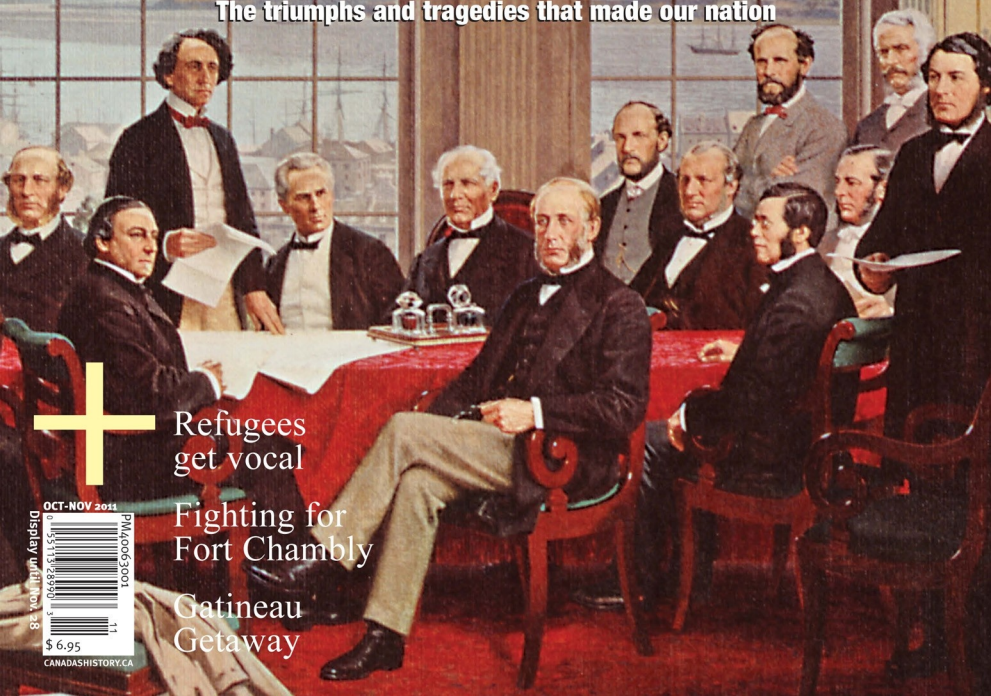
CANADA'S

HISTORY

FORMERLY THE BEAVER

100 DAYS THAT CHANGED CANADA

The triumphs and tragedies that made our nation



Refugees
get vocal

Fighting for
Fort Chambly

Gatineau
Getaway





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Canada

Momentous occasions

A turning point is something easy to explain, but much harder to define.

The Canadian Oxford dictionary tells us that a turning point is “a moment at which a decisive change occurs.” Sounds pretty straightforward. But what exactly is “decisive change,” and how do we recognize it — both in our own lives, and in the broader life of a nation?

Turning points can be overt and instantaneous: Think about the tremendous impacts of assassinations or declarations of war. But they can also be subtle at the time they occur, with the full impact only being appreciated or recognized years, or even decades, after the event.

Take Terry Fox. When the young cancer crusader began his Marathon of Hope in 1980, few people paid attention. And yet, looking back, we now recognize that moment — when Terry dipped his artificial leg into the ocean off Newfoundland and began his run — as a significant date in this country's history.

There are many turning points in Canada's history. The challenge for historians is to ascertain which moments are the most momentous.

It's more complicated that you might think. Consider our most famous Father of Confederation, Sir John A. Macdonald. If you could pick just one moment from his life as *the* turning point in Canada's history, what would it be? The day he entered politics — or when he became prime minister? The day he decided to build a railway to British Columbia — or the day the last spike was driven, fulfilling his national dream?

It's the perfect water cooler conversation for history buffs. It's also a great premise for a book, and so, more than a year ago, we began compiling a list of days that changed the coun-

try. After extensive research and consultation with historians, archivists, and others, we managed to whittle the list down to one hundred turning points.

The result is *100 Days that Changed Canada*, a new book published by Canada's History Society and HarperCollins Canada. Featuring essays from fifty-six prominent guest contributors, *100 Days* spans the history of Canada, from its birth in 1867 to modern times.

We are immensely grateful to the many friends of *Canada's History* who lent their talents to the project. In this issue, we present exclusive excerpts from the book, which officially launches in October.

This issue also features fantastic stories on polar explorer Roald Amundsen, oral historians' efforts to give a voice to refugees to Canada, and Fort Chambly, a key national historic site in Quebec.

We hope this issue — and the *100 Days* book — will spark plenty of public debate about Canada's turning-point moments. We'd certainly love to hear from you. Send us your picks for the days that changed Canada, and we'll post them on our website. You can email them to editors@canadahistory.ca.

Mark Neil



MARK NEIL

Contributors



Don Newman is the author of “Saving Face,” one of the essays in our excerpt of the book *100 Days that Changed Canada*.

Newman is one of Canada's most well-known broadcasters. He served as the former senior parliamentary editor of CBC News and hosted *Politics*, a daily program on CBC Newsworld. He retired from CBC in June of 2009 but continues to contribute from time to time. Newman has also served on the board of Canada's History Society.



George Tombs, who wrote the feature “Amundsen's Family Secrets,” is a Montreal-based author, translator, and journalist. Tombs,

who holds a doctorate in history from McGill University, has had a lifelong interest in Canada's Arctic. He has produced and directed *The Blinding Sea*, a one-hour documentary on Roald Amundsen. The author and narrator of documentaries on CBC Radio's *Ideas*, he is also a visiting graduate professor at Athabasca University.



René Chartrand, the author of “Built to Intimidate” — the story of Fort Chambly National Historic Site — was born in Montreal

and educated in Canada, the United States and the Bahamas. A senior curator with Canada's National Historic Sites for nearly three decades, he was also a National Defence historian and is now a freelance writer and historical consultant. He has authored some forty books and hundreds of articles. He lives in Gatineau, Quebec.



Mark Abley, who wrote “Guided by Voices,” was a Rhodes Scholar from Saskatchewan before settling in Montreal in the 1980s.

He spent many years working for the *Montreal Gazette*, winning a National Newspaper Award in 1996. He has written or edited a dozen books, including his best-known, *Spoken Here: Travels Among Threatened Languages*. Abley is now working on a book about poet and bureaucrat Duncan Campbell Scott.

Canuck courage



I was touched by Leslie Scrivener's piece on Terry Fox [A Hero's Journey, June-July 2011]. In 1984, my wife Anne and I drove from Potsdam, New York, to Mount Vernon, Washington, mostly through Canada. It was a wonderful trip, tenting at small campgrounds and meeting people. On our way back we decided to go north of Lake Superior. We stopped to pay our respects at the memorial above Thunder Bay with the wonderful statue, shown on page 26. We walked over to it and stood in silence with others. We left in tears. To me, Terry Fox is the penultimate Canadian hero, not a general or politician (sorry, John A.), but a young man challenging the rugged landscape and climate to do a good thing, giving it all he had. I love your magazine. Keep up the good work.

ARTHUR L. JOHNSON
PROFESSOR EMERITUS,
STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT POTSDAM
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Riveting runner

The June article about Terry Fox sure brought back memories, especially the mention of his stop on Lake Joseph in Ontario's Muskoka. My family and I were visiting at a friend's cottage on Lake Joseph when we realized he would soon be passing by (his itinerary was not well publicized in detail, but the local radio station was monitoring his travels through Muskoka).

We trooped out to the highway and stood waiting, our little group of adults and children the only spectators in sight in either direction. Soon, we saw the support vehicles in the distance, and then the lone runner and his unique two-step gait. As Terry passed, the look of grim concentration on his face was riveting.

We had a few dollars to contribute to his team, but then, unexpectedly moved by the moment, several of us found ourselves jogging along behind to offer whatever silent support we could. We trotted at an amazingly quick pace for a kilometre or two to Foot's Bay, which turned out to be the planned end of the day's run.

Only then did Terry acknowledge our presence with a quick nod and a tired half-smile. Then he was taken by boat to a local cottage to rest overnight. Much later we

learned that this was the point on his journey where signs of future trouble had become undeniable, and we had been witness to his legendary courage.

PERRY BOWKER
PORT CARLING, ONTARIO

Mother knows best

Paul Jones' article "Life and death situations" in the June-July issue, queries, "Who knew, for example, that 'beaver fever' was the everyday name for a protozoan intestinal infection?" The fact is that anyone living in British Columbia during the 1960s or 1970s knew, and it wouldn't surprise me if that moniker were still being used. When mothers wanted to get the children home after a long day of swimming at the lake or river, it wasn't infrequent to hear, "You've been in the water long enough. If you're not careful, you'll get beaver fever." Someone who truly had "beaver fever" never forgot it.

DIANE MCLEOD
KAMLOOPS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Parks protector

E.J. (Ted) Hart's research ["Quiet Crusader," June-July 2011] into the work of civil servant James Bernard Harkin (1875-1955), a native of Vankleek Hill, Ontario, is very much

appreciated. Harkin's legacy, as commissioner of the Dominion Parks Branch, is the current one-hundred-year celebration of Parks Canada, an institution held dear by many Canadians. As Hart reported, the creation of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, National Historic Sites, plus legislation to protect wildlife, are also long-lasting success markers of Harkin's career that continue to benefit Canadian society.

Today, Parks Canada pays tribute to the eight-thousand WWI internees, mostly Ukrainian, who, under the War Measures Act, lived in labour camps (1915-1920) in the nascent parks of Banff, Jasper, Yoho, and Mount Revelstoke. There they were put to work building access roads and tourist services.

I trust we'll learn more about the builders of our national parks as well as the contributors to the richness of our national historic sites in future issues of *Canada's History*.

MICHELLE LABRIAULT
MUSÉE VANKLEEK HILL, MUSEUM
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Sledge race near Montreal; Cornelius Krieghoff (1815-1872)
1848, ink and watercolour on paper, Detail M21614 McCord Museum, Montreal.

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CANADA'S
HISTORY

Safe haven

November 6, 1956: Canada welcomes Hungarian refugees. by Sarah Reilly



Hungarian refugees are interviewed by Canadian Embassy officials circa 1957.

This October marks the fifty-fifth anniversary of the 1956 Hungarian revolution, an event that resulted in a massive wave of immigration to Canada. The short-lived revolt began on October 23, 1956, and was violently suppressed by Soviet forces by November 7, 1956. More than 200,000 citizens fled Hungary when the movement was crushed, and about 37,500 of them came to Canada. This moment in history, which in 2010 was declared an official historic event by Parks Canada, changed Canada's immigration policies. It represented a major step towards the new policy of multiculturalism that emerged in Canada shortly thereafter.

The protest against Soviet communist domination of Hungary began in that nation's capital, Budapest. Led initially by post-secondary students, the movement

spread across the country, and for a few days it appeared that the Hungarians had successfully overthrown the government. But the Soviets counterattacked with their armed forces and quickly regained control of the country.

Many Hungarians feared repercussions for having been involved in the movement. Thousands escaped to Austria and other neighbouring countries. From there, many made their way to safe havens in the United States, Canada, Britain, and other countries.

Hungarian refugee Marta Hidy fled to Canada with her husband and their two small children. Hidy says the couple hoped to "find a land where there is no war and we can just live in peace." The family arrived in early 1957 and was sent from Halifax to Winnipeg. "The first impression was that it was a vast coun-

try — how big a land it is! — because the train from Halifax, after three days and nights without stop, we were still just in the middle of the country!"

The mass immigration was made possible thanks to a federal government decision, announced the day after the revolution was crushed, to assign top priority to Hungarians wishing to flee to Canada. Public sympathy was with the Hungarian freedom fighters, and Canadians were eager to help. The event marked the first time Canada had accepted a large wave of immigrants from a communist country; it was also the first time the Canadian government had chartered airplanes to transport refugees across the Atlantic; and it was the first time Canada had accepted so many refugees in such a short period of time. The first group arrived in November 1956, but more Hungarians continued to seek refugee status in Canada for ten months following the revolution. Many Hungarians, including Hidy, had their fees covered by the Canadian government and arrived by boat.

Although this was in many respects a new approach by the Canadian government, it still reflected Canada's traditional approach towards immigration, which was to serve the needs of the Canadian economy. The Hungarian refugees were mostly young and well-educated; they were quick to adapt and contributed to Canada's booming economy.

Today, Toronto is known as the third-largest Hungarian city in the world, and events held across Canada each October pay tribute to the revolution.

The arrival of the Hungarian refugees helped Canadians adopt a more positive attitude towards immigration; a more open immigration policy soon followed. ●

OUR HOME & NATIVE

Quartz clock



The accuracy of timekeeping was greatly improved by the invention of the quartz clock, and Canadian-born Warren Marrison was at the centre of the discovery.

In 1927, Marrison was working as a telecommunications engineer at Bell Telephone Laboratories in New Jersey. The telephone and radio industries were burgeoning, and the need to maintain stable electrical frequencies was critical.

Marrison's search for reliable frequency standards extended earlier research in piezoelectricity — the conversion of mechanical signals into electrical signals, and vice versa. Along with his colleague J.W. Horton, he developed an accurate and very large clock. Their first quartz clock took up the better part of a small room.

Previous clocks were mechanical, based on springs or gears. The quartz oscillator was based instead on the regular vibrations of a quartz crystal in an electrical circuit and was found to be more precise than the best mechanical clocks.

Beginning in the 1930s, astronomical observatories and time-standard laboratories throughout the world adopted the superior quartz device. Today's electronic watches use miniature versions of the same timekeeping method, which can maintain time to within about one second every ten years.

—Beverly Tallon



HIDDEN HERITAGE

Holy Trinity Church

Stanley Mission, Saskatchewan, designed by Robert Hunt, 1854 to 1860

Holy Trinity Anglican church stands across the Churchill River from the present-day community of Stanley Mission, 461 kilometres north of Saskatoon. Built between 1854 and 1860 by an English missionary, Reverend Robert Hunt, the church is Gothic in style. British architect and theorist Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin (1812–1852) and the Cambridge Camden Society advocated Gothic as the only appropriate style for Christian architecture.

The design suggests that Hunt had knowledge of Norwegian stave churches, probably through the Oxford Architectural Society, and of contemporary churches in England. The scale of the church and the inclusion of a tower and spire are exceptionally ambitious for a missionary church. Rupert's Land Bishop David Anderson, who visited the church in 1859, "felt that it would make an admirable cathedral church, but for the fact that it was constructed of wood."

Hunt's journal tells of the construction of the church, bitterly cold temperatures, food shortages, and serious health concerns. On the latter, he wrote on October 14, 1856: "Our dear little boy very restless & irritable & cannot be moved without shrieking with pain; yet strives against these accompaniments of his disease: today after a fit of impatience he sweetly said 'Dear mamma will you pray to God to make me good?'" The prayers were eventually answered, as noted October 6, 1857: "Our dear little Robert's knee and leg, from which he has suffered so many months, is now so much better as to allow of his walking a little. It has discharged matter in the form of hardish, elongated waxy looking crystals."

Holy Trinity stands as a testament to the ambition and endeavour of the Hunt family and its members' unwavering belief in the missionary work of the Anglican Church. —Malcolm Thurlby

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

October 9

October 27

TAKE THE DAY OFF



To remember the day in 1812 when the U.S. captured two British vessels, HMS Detroit, formerly an American ship, was destroyed while HMS *Caledonia* was put into service by the U.S. Take a cruise.



To mark the founding of the National Council of Women on this day in 1893. Get organized.

LAUGH LINES

Raising a stink

The British Commonwealth of Nations was made up of equal nations that had once been governed by Britain but were now united under the British monarchy. In March 1961, South Africa voted to become a republic and had to reapply for membership in the Commonwealth.

Canadian Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, shown at the head of the table, opposed South Africa's policy of apartheid but feared that a vote on the country's admission might split the Commonwealth along racial lines. Diefenbaker helped draft a statement of basic principles noting the importance of equality for all members of the Commonwealth, regardless of race, colour, or creed.

This forced South Africa to make a choice before the matter of its admission was put to a vote. South Africa refused to accept the principles and withdrew its application for membership. The country would rejoin the Commonwealth in 1994, the year apartheid ended in that country.

— Charles Hou

This cartoon by Robert Chambers appeared in the March 7, 1961, edition of the *Halifax Herald*.



"Yon sits a most malodorous knight."

November 15

To note the day in 1765 when James Murray, the first British governor of Quebec, allowed French to be spoken in courts by jurors and lawyers. Plead *non coupable*.



November 21

To celebrate the day in 1927 when Edmonton's CKUA radio became the first public broadcaster in Canada. Reach out to your community.

November 23

To observe the House of Commons vote on this day in 1967 to initiate a partial ban on capital punishment. Loosen your collar.



Medical staff of Women's College Hospital and Dispensary at 125 Rusholme Road, Toronto, circa 1920.



WOMEN'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL

Women's College Hospital, Toronto

In 1883, Toronto Mayor A.R. Boxwell established the Woman's Medical College. It was the first place in Toronto where women could study medicine and, renamed in 1911, became the first hospital in Canada where women could practise medicine. The Women's College Hospital would go on to be a leader in many areas, including the opening of Canada's first perinatal intensive care unit. Continuing its focus on diseases and conditions that predominantly affect women, the hospital celebrates its one-hundredth anniversary this year.

7 Beds in the original Women's College Hospital located at 18 Seaton Street in Toronto.

15 Medical staff at Women's College Hospital in 1911 — all of them female physicians.

644 X-rays performed during the first year after acquiring an X-ray machine in 1920.

10,000 Women examined between 1948 and 1954 at the hospital's Cancer Detection Clinic.

429,847 Meals prepared by the Dietary Department in 1959.

2 Visits to Women's College Hospital by its royal patron, Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother.

174,111 Babies born at the hospital between 1911 and 1999.



United States soldiers prepare for action in a scene from a new PBS documentary about the War of 1812.



SHARING CONFLICT

The conflict fought in North America from 1812 to 1815 is said to have “forged the destiny of a continent” and is now the focus of a two-hour PBS special.

The two-hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the War of 1812 is being commemorated in many forms across the United States and Canada. Television station WNED of Buffalo, New York, is marking the event with its production *The War of 1812*, a documentary that examines the Americans’ battle against the British, First Nations warriors, and Canadian colonists.

“We have proudly created *The War of 1812* for both nations,” said WNED president and CEO Donald K. Boswell, noting the significant viewership the station has in southern Ontario. “This timely examination of a shared history allows us to celebrate our past together and renew the bond of our present and future as national neighbours.”

Colourful characters in the film include Tecumseh of the Shawnee nation; his adversary William Henry Harrison; U.S. President James Madison; and storied Canadian figures such as Governor-General George Prévost, Laura Secord, and Major General Isaac Brock.

The documentary draws from interviews with twenty-six leading authorities on the war and is narrated by actor Joe Mantegna. Canadian military historian Peter Twist—who has worked on the *Pirates of the Caribbean* movies and CBC’s *Canada: A People’s History*—helped to clarify and even to dispel some of the folklore and myths surrounding the war.

The War of 1812 is being shown on all PBS stations that serve Canadian markets this October 10—Thanksgiving Day in Canada.

An illustrated companion book, *The War of 1812: A Guide to Battlefields and Historic Sites*, by John Grant and Ray Jones, a DVD, and other educational resources are available from PBS.

—Beverley Tallon



U.S. President James Madison.

LIVING HISTORY

Civil war plot

Ontario historian finds black Union soldier buried in an unmarked grave

Robin McKee had long been haunted — figuratively, that is — by an American Civil War veteran buried in an unmarked grave in Hamilton Cemetery. McKee, who conducts historical tours at the southern Ontario cemetery, came across the name Nelson Stevens — or Stephens — on a civil war list, but found it difficult to confirm.

Then, in a stroke of luck, McKee found what he was looking for while searching for something else. In 2007, while scanning an old *Hamilton Spectator* newspaper from 1891, he came across a reference to Civil War veterans coming to the cemetery to pay their respects to their deceased comrades. Among the names listed was one Nelson Stevens of Company B, 25th U.S. Colored Troops.

"I thought, oh my God, I've got a black veteran of the Civil War," said McKee, a long-time local history enthusiast and retired television sound technician. By referencing cemetery records, he was able to locate Stevens' unmarked burial site in a "free grave" area reserved for the very poor. McKee followed up his discovery with a visit to the National Archives in Washington, D.C., where he found Stevens' enlistment papers, pay stubs, and other documentation that proved beyond a doubt he had the right person.

He learned that Stevens was born into slavery on a tobacco plantation near Lynchburg, Virginia, in 1832. By the 1860s, he had somehow surfaced as a free man in Canada. In 1865, the final year of the war, Stevens put himself at great risk by returning to the country he had escaped so that he could join the Union army.

"If he had been caught on the battlefield by the rebels [Confederates], as a black man he would have been lynched for taking up arms against the whites," says McKee. "That was the reality of the time."

This year's 150th anniversary of the outbreak of the American Civil War has focused attention on the little-known fact that about fifty thousand people from British North America fought in that conflict. Most were on the Union side, and some, like Stevens, were black ex-slaves. They were motivated by many things: adventure, good wages, and — presumably, in Stevens' case — freeing the slaves.



Tour guide Robin McKee poses beside the new headstone for U.S. Civil War veteran Nelson Stevens in Hamilton.

After the war, Stevens returned to Hamilton, got married, and had four children, including two sons who died in childhood. He worked as a tobacconist, lived in a shack, and passed away in 1890 at age fifty-eight.

At the urging of the American Legion in Canada, McKee applied for and received a headstone from the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs. The American Consulate also sent a medal that Stevens should have received for serving in the war.

Stevens is among twenty-six civil war veterans McKee has identified at the Hamilton Cemetery. After being forgotten for more than seven decades, the gravesites are now visited annually on the U.S. Memorial Day holiday by members of the American Legion.

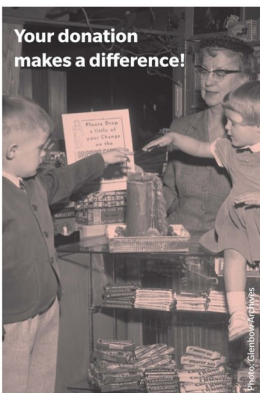
And Stevens' long-neglected gravesite also receives special attention. Ever since his story became public, a small garden of rocks and flowers has been growing around his memorial stone, placed there by persons unknown.

— Nelle Oosterom



The U.S. Consulate issued a medal to recognize Nelson Stevens' service.

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TALES AND TREASURES

From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company



Chevron trade beads

Hudson's Bay Company trade beads were seen as symbols of friendship and given to native people as gifts, to forge alliances or treaties, and to permit passage. To some chiefs, especially on the West Coast, beads were seen as important status symbols. To show off their wealth, chiefs would sometimes discard the beads by throwing them into the water. The chevron bead is perhaps the most prized. These beads were multicoloured, multi-layered glass, mainly red, white, and blue in colour, and ground on both ends to form a melon shape.

— B.T.

In The Beaver...

90 years ago

Claiming the coast

After the 1821 unification of the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company of Montreal, George Simpson was put in charge of the company's northern department, which included trading posts west of the Rocky Mountains. As no fort existed on the West Coast near the mouth of the Fraser River, he resolved to build one to eliminate competition from itinerant Boston trading vessels. The November 1921 issue narrated how Simpson sent James McMillan and his soldiers to establish Fort Langley in 1827.



60 years ago



Giving up the fort

The Hudson's Bay Company "presented historic Lower Fort Garry to the people of Canada," reported the March 1951 issue. The National Historic Site was the only complete stone fur trade fort on the continent. The article mentions that because the fort was in continuous use for 120 years — in 1951 it housed a country club — its past was easy to evoke.

30 years ago

Great Hall grandeur

The summer 1981 issue described the opening of the reconstructed Great Hall of Old Fort William at Thunder Bay, Ontario. The hall was originally built in 1803 as a lavish showcase of the North West Company. Writer Bryan Eddington explained how a rigid social structure marked the sumptuous feasts and revels held in the hall.



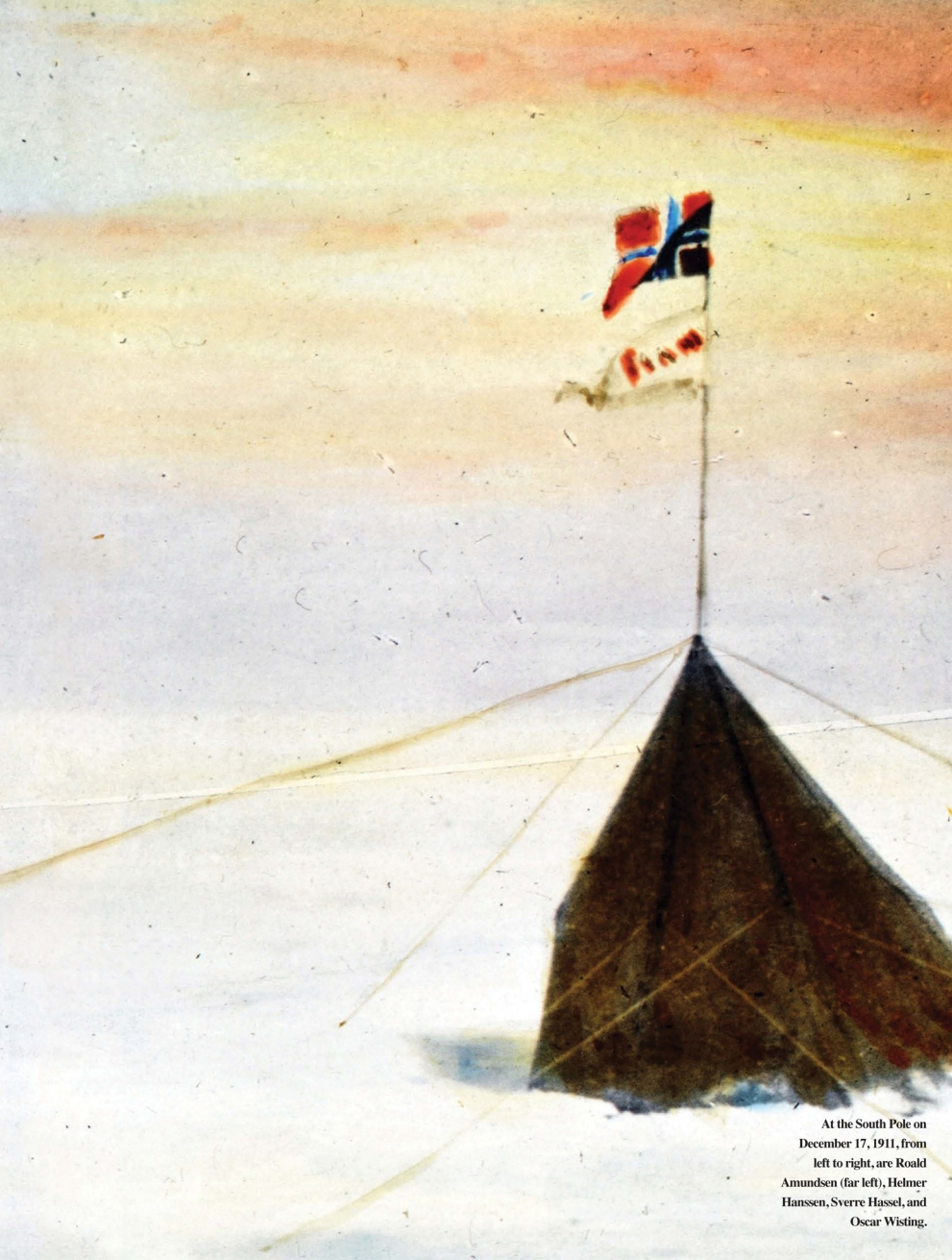
The Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, played a key role in the growth of Canada. To explore the rich history of the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as to read stories from ninety-one years of its flagship magazine, *The Beaver*, go to our website at: CanadasHistory.ca.

AMUNDSEN'S FAMILY SECRETS



ANOTHER SIDE OF THE POLAR EXPLORER EMERGES AS AN INUIT
FAMILY CONNECTION COMES TO LIGHT. *by George Tombs*





At the South Pole on
December 17, 1911, from
left to right, are Roald
Amundsen (far left), Helmer
Hanssen, Sverre Hassel, and
Oscar Wisting.

For more than a century, Roald Amundsen stood out as a Norwegian national hero and the most successful polar explorer of all time. But today, a different story is emerging about Amundsen and his interactions with the indigenous peoples of the Arctic. He did more than learn their ways—he also established close family ties to the Netsilik Inuit of Gjoa Haven in Nunavut and to the Chukchi of northeastern Siberia.

Amundsen is renowned as the leader of the first expedition to reach the South Pole in 1910–1912. He also led the first vessel through the Northwest Passage in 1903–1906. It was while on this earlier mission that he stayed in Gjoa Haven.



Above: Amundsen and his dog, Pan, in front of the *Fram* June 6, 1910, on the eve of his departure to the South Pole.

According to Inuit tradition, Amundsen developed a romantic relationship with a young woman named Quleeq, who became pregnant just before his departure and later bore a son named Luke Iqallaq. Amundsen's stay in Gjoa Haven also allowed him to learn Arctic survival techniques from the Inuit, knowledge that paved the way for his later South Pole conquest.

While it had been rumoured before, the story of Amundsen's Inuit family in Gjoa didn't get much attention until 2003—the centenary of Amundsen's Arctic odyssey—when Norway's ambassador to Canada met with some of the descendants of the man the Inuit believe was Amundsen's son. That visit was followed

up in 2007 with a family reunion in Gjoa Haven—two Inuit men said to be the explorer's Canadian grandsons met with Amundsen's Norwegian grandniece.

Why was this family connection long kept secret? Amundsen himself—who never married—did not mention having an Inuit child, although he was open about a Siberian Chukchi girl he adopted in 1922. As for the Inuit at Gjoa, they were ambivalent about the Amundsen link. According to Paul Ikuallaq, Luke Ikuallaq's son, "He [Luke] didn't talk much about it. He kept it a secret because my father had a different type of blood from the tribe at the time—he could have been shunned."

The fact that this Norwegian-Inuit family connection has come to light makes it possible to reassess Amundsen's legacy—over a century after the fact.

Amundsen is considered the greatest polar explorer of all time. He was a crewmate with the first expedition to overwinter in Antarctica—on board the *Belgica*—in 1897–1899. He also succeeded in navigating the Northwest Passage—an ice-choked series of channels and straits of the Canadian Arctic archipelago from Greenland to Alaska—a goal that had eluded explorers for centuries. And when he got to the end of his famous race to the South Pole, he beat his doomed rival Robert Falcon Scott by several weeks.

His story begins in 1872, when he was born into a shipbuilding and seafaring family in the coastal town of Borge, Østfold, on Oslofjord some ninety kilometres from the capital of Norway. His mother destined him for a career in medicine, but his heart was elsewhere.

At age fifteen, Amundsen was captivated by stories of Sir John Franklin's doomed expedition of 1845–1848 in the Northwest Passage; he dreamed of succeeding where Franklin had failed. "Strangely enough," he later wrote, "the thing in Sir John's narrative that appealed to me the most strongly was the sufferings he and his men endured. A strange ambition burned within me to endure those same sufferings.... I, too, would suffer in a cause—not in the blazing desert on the way to Jerusalem, but in the frozen North on the way to new knowledge in the unpierced unknown."

The young Roald was a vigorous sailor and skier, with a calm, pragmatic personality, a habit of meticulously studying the experiences of others, and a passion for enduring hardships in the outdoors.

At sixteen, he met Fridtjof Nansen, the great



Above: A group of Netsilik Inuit visit the *Gjoa* circa 1903.



Left: Magito, a young Inuit woman who Amundsen described as a queen of rare charm and beauty.

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Norwegian explorer (and later laureate of the Nobel Peace Prize) who had just led a pioneering forty-one-day ski expedition across Greenland from east to west. Amundsen tested his own mettle during rigorous winter expeditions in the mountains of southern Norway — he once skied across the Telemark plateau from Oslo to near Bergen, a distance of about five hundred kilometres.

After his mother died, he abandoned his medical studies. "The truth is that I was a worse than indifferent student," he wrote in his autobiography. "With enormous relief, I soon left the university, to throw myself wholeheartedly into the dream of my life." His dream was to embark on a career as an adventurer, which he did at the age of twenty-one.

His first break came in 1896, when he was recruited for the Belgian expedition to Antarctica led by artillery officer Adrien de Gerlache. The expedition arrived in Patagonia in 1897. It was there that Amundsen had his first contact with Aboriginal people in the New World — and it was a dismaying encounter. He and the other crew members were alarmed to learn that sheep ranchers were paying a bounty of one pound sterling for every scalp of a "dog" — the pejorative term used for indigenous Patagonians.

"All Natives on the archipelago are doomed," lamented Amundsen in his diary, adding that the Natives

had not been able to resist the "evils of civilization," such as brandy.

When the *Belgica* got trapped in the ice over the winter of 1898, Amundsen witnessed the death of some of his fellow crewmen. Others slumped into depression and bouts of madness during the long Antarctic night.



The ship's doctor — Frederick Cook, an old polar hand — warned off scurvy by ordering the crew to eat fresh seal and penguin meat.

Amundsen learned much from this voyage. It was an opportunity to test a wide range of polar gear, from sleeping bags to skis, snowshoes, and clothing — all of which would come in handy during the expeditions he would later lead.

In preparing for his own expedition through the Northwest Passage, Amundsen was rigorous in his planning methods. He anticipated and reduced risks by taking into account the harshest possible conditions. He didn't want a repeat of his experience on the *Belgica*.

He preferred tried-and-true methods to experimental technologies. He read and reread every exploration narrative about the Northwest Passage. After acquiring the twenty-one-metre-long, forty-eight-tonne sloop *Gjøa*, he headed out on a five-month sealing voyage into the Barents Sea to test the limits and remedy the defects of the sloop's handling in the polar ice.

In June 1903, Amundsen assembled a small and experienced Norwegian crew and headed for the Northwest Passage. The *Gjøa* entered Lancaster Sound between Baffin and Devon Island, navigating in uncharted waters, catching fire at one point, and surviving an extremely violent four-day gale. Then, on September 9, the expedition finally found winter quarters along the south coast of King William Island, in what Amundsen called "the most beautiful little landlocked bay that the heart of a sailor could desire." He named the bay Gjøa Haven.

Within a few days, the crew encountered the Netsilik

Pride and practicality

There is an extraordinary contrast in the approaches Robert Falcon Scott and Roald Amundsen took in leading their rival South Pole expeditions in 1911–1912. Amundsen was a meticulous planner who adopted the Inuit's proven methods for surviving extreme cold. Scott was a dashing British naval officer who was caught up in late-Victorian beliefs that exalted the British Empire and the triumph of high technology. Scott saw his bold trek to the South Pole as a chance to exhibit to the entire world the British values of manliness, courage, and endurance.

Some of the innovations Scott introduced brought on disaster. For example, he used Manchurian ponies to haul sleds over ice hummocks — he only chose white ponies, believing

them to be stronger than those of any other colour. They proved unsuitable — their hooves bogged down in the deep snow, and they were extremely heavy to lift out of crevasses once they fell in. Scott also brought mechanized sleds, which nonetheless failed after only a few kilometres.

Then there was Scott's attitude toward sled dogs. Perhaps the most astonishing single comment in Scott's writings was this: "In my mind no journey ever made with dogs can approach the height of that fine conception which is realized when a party of men go forth to face hardships, dangers, and difficulties with their own unaided efforts, and by days and weeks of hard physical labour succeed in solving some problem of the great unknown. Surely in this case the conquest is more nobly and splendidly won."

In contrast, Amundsen's expedition had four sledges and fifty-two dogs. He relied on a combination of Inuit techniques, the Norwegian passion for skiing (originally derived from the Sami of Lapland), and his

Roald Amundsen

Inuit, armed with bows and arrows. Amundsen advanced out onto the ice, unarmed, and the Inuit dropped their weapons. "We made them welcome to our ship, showed them the marvels of our equipment, and treated them with the greatest consideration," he wrote. "They asked if they might not come and bring their tribe and settle near us. To this we agreed, and it was not long before fifty Eskimo huts sprang up around our camp, housing about two hundred men, women, and children."

Somehow, the Norwegians and Inuit communicated spontaneously in a new language that was half Norse and half Inuktitut. Amundsen had no way of knowing the expedition would spend two winters in Gjoa Haven, from September 1903 to August 1905. But he quickly saw this encounter with the Inuit as a golden opportunity to learn from them.

As a European explorer at the beginning of the twentieth century, his openness towards Aboriginal knowledge was not typical. Other European explorers might have placed Aboriginals at the bottom of a hierarchy of races or social classes. But Amundsen admired the ingenuity, resourcefulness, and good humour of the Inuit and hoped civilization would never reach them.

According to Amundsen's great-great-grandson Damien Ikuallaq, "Amundsen lived with the Inuit for two years in Gjoa Haven. They taught him how to survive on the land. They taught him how to use traditional items. The knowledge the Inuit gave him is what made him so ready for the environment. All that knowledge gave him the skills and abilities to survive. And I believe that's why he did so well in the

Arctic environment, just from the knowledge he learned while staying in Gjoa Haven."

The Netsilik Inuit taught him how to build snow houses, drive dog teams, slaughter and feed frail dogs to strong ones during long sled trips, hunt effectively for

COURTESY OF DANIEL AMUNDSEN



seal, ptarmigan, and caribou, fashion tools out of bone and fur, and dress in suitable polar clothing. Laughingly, they corrected some of his errors, and invited him into their igloos to enjoy meals, wrestling matches, and the comforts of home life. As Paul Ikuallaq puts it, "It's hard to disagree with cold, so Amundsen had to keep warm." Amundsen also warded off scurvy by following the Inuit practice of eating fresh meat and undigested

Above:
Cakonita
Amundsen, left,
and Camilla
Carpendale at
Nome, Alaska,
in 1921.

own careful analysis and planning. His gear reads like a checklist of things he had learned while wintering in Gjoa Haven: huskies (trained dogs, Inuit sleds, harnesses, and whips); caribou and sealskin parkas, hats, and gloves; skin boots (kamiks). Part of his plan was to manage the regular slaughter of the weakest dogs, feeding them to both his expedition crew and the surviving dogs. Scott scoffed at this practice.

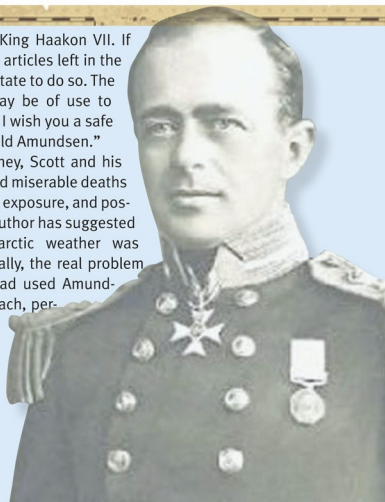
Ultimately, Amundsen reached the South Pole on December 14, 1911, after a dogsled trek that he considered, in his matter-of-fact way, to have been straightforward. "I may say that this is the greatest factor — the way in which the expedition is equipped — the way in which every difficulty is foreseen, and precautions taken for meeting or avoiding it."

Scott, meanwhile, arrived at the South Pole on January 17, 1912, only to discover that Amundsen had been there a month before, and had left him a note in a tent: "Dear Captain Scott — as you probably are the first to reach this area after us, I will ask you to kindly

forward this letter to King Haakon VII. If you can use any of the articles left in the tent please do not hesitate to do so. The sledge left outside may be of use to you. With kind regards I wish you a safe return. Yours truly, Roald Amundsen."

On the return journey, Scott and his four crew members died miserable deaths by hunger, exhaustion, exposure, and possibly scurvy. A recent author has suggested unusually harsh Antarctic weather was mainly to blame. Actually, the real problem was hubris. If Scott had used Amundsen's Inuit-style approach, perfected in Gjoa Haven among the Netsilik Inuit in 1903–1905, he would likely have survived.

Robert Falcon Scott





Above: Paul Ikuallaq (left) discusses with his half-brother Bob Konana the legacy of Roald Amundsen, who, according to Inuit tradition, was their grandfather.

seaweed in the intestines of hunted seals.

The late Nelson Takkirug, husband of Paul Ikuallaq's sister Mary, once explained that Inuit also stood to gain by their contacts with the Norwegians. For example, they could barter furs for invaluable merchandise such as needles, buttons, and steel hunting knives. Also, "to make some trades, men would offer their wives in order to get something they wanted," said Takkirug.

Amundsen was well aware of the Inuit tradition of husbands occasionally offering their wives to male visitors for sexual pleasures. He had already noted in his Belgica diary that wife-sharing was common in Greenland: "It may be difficult to get near an unmarried woman, but it is very easy to get near to a married one. You only need the permission of the husband."

And in the two-volume account he later wrote about the Northwest Passage expedition, he described one Inuk woman, Magito, as a queen of rare charm and beauty who caught the eye of all of his crewmen.

It may have been under these circumstances that Amundsen quietly had a relationship with Quleoq. He never mentioned her by name in his writings, but then he was something of a womanizer. He had affairs with married European and American women — he mentioned at least one in his private diary — but he never boasted about them.

What is known today about Quleoq? According to

Amundsen's granddaughter Mary Takkirug, "Quleoq talked about Amundsen being the father of my own father, Luke Iquallaq, but she passed away a long time ago." Her brother Paul Ikuallaq adds: "Quleoq passed away long before I was conceived." Memories of her have faded over time.

Amundsen praised the Netsilik Inuit in his writings, but he preferred to remain silent about this relationship. At the same time, given Netsilik values of the time, the son that Amundsen and Quleoq had — Luke Iquallaq — had a different bloodline and risked being shunned. Shunning could mean being left out in the bitter cold to die — explorer Knud Rasmussen noted that infanticide was practised among the Netsilik when food was scarce, although it usually applied to females. In any case, Quleoq let her mother raise the baby. Luke grew up to become a Hudson's Bay Company employee, working as a stock person at the community store. He also became a talented soapstone carver. He revealed to his children that Amundsen was his father a few days before he died in 1979.

Amundsen never met Luke Iquallaq, nor did he ever mention his relationship with Luke's mother. But he was very public about a child he adopted during an expedition through the Northeast Passage north of Siberia in 1918–1921. Her name was

Cakonita, a five-year-old Chukchi girl who was found starving after her mother had died. Her father, who was attached to Amundsen's expedition, asked the explorer to adopt her and educate her in the ways of white society.

"He gave her to me as a present, and I could not refuse, not only because of that but because she had so endeared herself to the members of the party that we could not leave her behind," Amundsen told the *New York Times* in an article published January 10, 1922.

Amundsen brought Cakonita to the United States, along with an older girl, Camilla — the daughter of Australian fur trader Charlie Carpendale and his Chukchi wife, who were living in Siberia. The girls — Camilla was taken along to be Cakonita's companion — followed Amundsen on a whirlwind lecture tour. Both were dressed in traditional reindeer-skin clothing and lionized by the press.

But when the girls left for Norway by ship in early 1922, Amundsen stayed behind. The children were left in the care of Leon Amundsen, the explorer's brother, and Elise, the wife of Oskar Wisting, Amundsen's second-in-command. The girls studied Norwegian, worshipped at the Lutheran church near the Amundsen homestead of Uranienborg, and settled into their new life in Norway. They were even presented to King Haakon and Queen Maud.

However, when Amundsen suddenly went bankrupt in 1924, he sent the girls back to Siberia, placing them both in the care of Camilla's family. Their adventures did not end there. In June 1926, the girls fled the Bolsheviks along with the rest of the Carpendale family, arriving by whaleboat in Nome, Alaska. U.S. immigration records identify Cakonita as "Nita Amundsen." The Carpendales and Cakonita eventually became Canadian citizens.

The girl grew up hoping to become a Lutheran missionary and to return to minister among the Chukchi. Instead, she married, had three children, and died in 1974.

One of her children now lives in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. Gloria Corbould, who is Canadian, said her mother had little idea of her adoptive father's fame.

"My mother had no idea Roald Amundsen was a celebrity," Corbould said in an interview. "He probably saved her life by adopting her and bringing her to Norway. She had the highest opinion of him. But she didn't see very much of him because he was so busy on lecture tours. He was a driven man, an adventurer, a loner. She represented the family that he had never really had."

Yet the job of actually raising Nita fell to the Carpendales.

"Charlie Carpendale raised my mother in Canada as if she were one of his own children," said Corbould.

Meanwhile, in Oslo, artifacts from Amundsen's many polar expeditions surrounded his great-niece, Anne-Christine Amundsen Jacobsen,

as she sat in her living room and remembered her life-changing encounter with her Inuit cousins during a visit to Gjoa Haven in 2007.

Her husband, Odd Jacobsen, and their two children accompanied her on the \$18,000 trip.

"It was a tremendous community event when we got to Gjoa Haven — lots of laughter and fun, trips into the countryside, fishing at Koka Lake, late evenings with lots of people of all ages, drum dancing, throat singing," said Jacobsen, who is the granddaughter of Gustav Amundsen, Roald's brother and expedition manager.

"I am proud to have Inuit cousins," she said. "They have such a fantastic history — living in that cold climate and surviving. I really admire the Inuit people and am extremely grateful that I have had an opportunity to visit their country and meet their people."

"I know my uncle wrote that he wished they could continue to live their lives unspoiled, but unfortunately the world moves forward."

Amundsen moved forward, too. In his later years, he experimented with flight, a mode of transport still in its infancy. A flight from New York to Seattle in 1922 ended

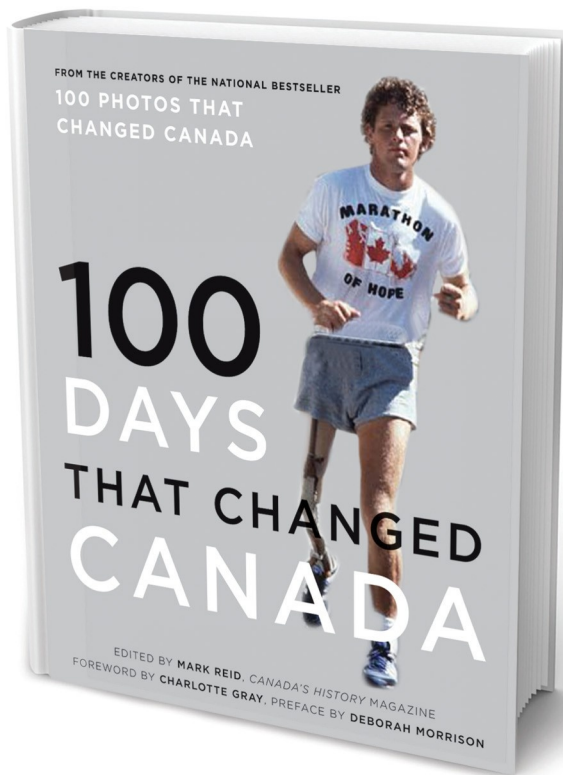


with a crash in Pennsylvania. There were more crashes and breakdowns as Amundsen made pioneer flights in Arctic regions, including an airship trip over the North Pole in 1926.

He was fifty-five when he made his last flight. On June 18, 1928, while attempting to rescue another polar explorer whose airship had crashed in the Arctic, Amundsen's airplane disappeared without a trace over the Barents Sea. ❖

Above: George Konana, believed to be a great-grandson of Amundsen, tries to stay warm at -63 C with windchill.

100 moments that move us, remind us,
and make us proud to be Canadians

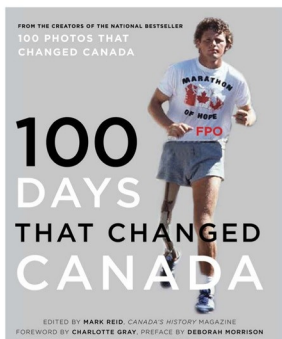


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Mark Reid
Editor-in-Chief
Canada's History



The fathers of Confederation, Quebec City, 1864.

Artist: Rex Woods

United Nation

July 1, 1867—Canadians ring in Confederation.

CHRISTOPHER MOORE

At midnight, bonfires blazed and cathedral bells chimed. At dawn, artillery salutes thundered. All day long and into the evening, Canadians gathered in the streets, parks, and public squares of the new nation. Victorian Canadians loved festivals, and their celebration of Canada's first-ever public holiday was lavish.

It had been a long time coming. There had been lengthy negotiations, vigorous debate, and many setbacks. Finally, Queen Victoria signed the British North America Act into law in March 1867. All was to come into effect in high summer: Monday, July 1, 1867.

Confederation was a bold innovation. For the first time, former colonials were peacefully taking up their right to govern themselves. The new nation would have parliamentary democracy on the British model, and its governments would be accountable to representative legislatures elected by one of the widest franchises the world had seen (even though women and some men could not yet vote). The new federal structure promised the sharing of power between a national government and provinces empowered to run local matters and sustain local cultures.

Not everyone celebrated. Some had wanted a referendum or election first. Some Quebecers feared the new nation was part of an old plot to assimilate and crush them. Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland had declined the opportunity to be founding provinces. "Died! Last night at twelve o'clock, the free and enlightened province of Nova Scotia . . . at the hands of some of her ungrateful sons," declared a Halifax headline. Still, even where doubts were strongest, there were large crowds and enthusiastic celebrations.

In Canada's new capital, there was business to transact. Ottawa was a small, raw town in 1867, but when George Brown, one of the makers of Confederation,

first saw Ottawa's imposing new Parliament Buildings, he said, "A hundred years hence people will fancy the men of these days were giants." Inside the building, the new nation's governor general took the oath of office that morning. He then swore in the first prime minister and cabinet. Even as most Canadians enjoyed their holiday, the cabinet settled down to work that afternoon.

The Constitution of 1867 was the first ever made in Canada for Canada by Canadians, a plan "not suggested by others or imposed on us, but one the work of ourselves," said D'Arcy McGee, the great orator of Confederation. McGee foresaw Canada's boundaries reaching out east, west, and north, to "the blue rim of ocean." The people of what had been four small colonies now had the opportunity to expand across the continent and take their place among the nations of the world. The object of the Canadians, said London's *Economist* in admiration, "is to form a nation." This was cause for celebration.

From Lunenburg to Sarnia, the people came out for elaborate parades. There were marching bands, bright files of soldiers, and lavishly decorated floats. Triumphal arches soared over the street corners. Canadians roasted oxen, rode in hot-air balloons, and launched boat excursions. They organized sports matches and track meets. They enjoyed picnics and musical performances. And fireworks! That night the skies of every town blazed with colourful explosions.

In Canada, July 1 has been pretty much like that ever since.

Toronto residents flood Bay Street to
celebrate VE Day in 1945.

Photographer: John H. Boyd.



VE Day

May 8, 1945—Canadians celebrate victory in Europe.

TIM COOK

Across the country Canadians flooded the streets on May 8, 1945, when it was announced that the war in Europe was over. In Halifax there was a riot worthy of a Stanley Cup victory. The celebrations everywhere were wild, with booze imbibed, kisses given freely, and six years of tension released in the party to end all parties. Hitler was dead and his planned Thousand Year Reich lay in ruins after thirteen murderous years. Canadians had bled for the victory but had emerged a powerful middle power. The country had a hard-hitting army and air force, and the fourth-largest navy in the world. Canadians had stood shoulder to shoulder with Americans, Britons, and other Allies. We had earned our laurels.

Back in the summer of 1939, as war loomed, most Canadians had prayed that peace would prevail in Europe. The prayers went unanswered. When Germany invaded Poland in September 1939 and France and Britain went to war, Canada had to decide if it would fight. No one wanted another conflict, especially after the slaughter of the Great War. And even if Canada wanted to stand by Britain, how could it? The nation was crippled financially by the Great Depression and unable to field any modern military forces. But Britain was threatened, and Hitler and his odious henchmen had to be stopped. And so the nation limped into the Second World War.

The Canadian war effort was led by the unwarlike William Lyon Mackenzie King. While the prime minister paled in comparison to British prime minister Winston Churchill and American president Franklin Roosevelt, he led the country forward, doing his best to balance political interests at home with the demands of waging war overseas. He faced many challenges, the most pressing being the constant calls for conscription.

During the Great War, the issue had divided the country along linguistic lines and also set region against region. Canada could not avoid a repeat of the crisis in the Second World War, but thanks to King's adept stickhandling, conscription, which eventually could not be avoided, was less divisive and damaging to unity this time round.

One of Canada's greatest contributions was to the air war. The dominion became the "aerodrome of democracy"—so labelled by Roosevelt—training more than 130,000 aircrew in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. The enormous program brought young men from across the Commonwealth to Canada, where they were trained to fly and to crew fighters and bombers, and then sent them to fight the Axis powers in the skies over Europe or other theatres of war.

Canadians fought on the oceans, in the air, and in multiple land campaigns. On the home front they raised millions by buying Victory Bonds, women entered the workforce, and industries produced thousands of ships, fighter planes, tanks, and trucks.

VE Day was not the end of the Second World War. There was still Japan to be defeated. By the time the conflict ended, Canada had suffered at least 45,000 dead and almost 55,000 wounded. Canada had helped win the war, but at a high cost. We also won the peace. Veterans came back and built up the country. Canada emerged from the Second World War as an acknowledged power with a strong voice on the world stage. Amid the sadness and loss, there was much to celebrate.



Montreal Canadiens goalie Jacques Plante dons a face mask for the first time during a 1959 NHL game.
Photographer: Anonymous.

Saving Face

November 1, 1959—Montreal's masked man changes hockey.

DON NEWMAN

He won six Stanley Cups and seven Vezina trophies as the best goaltender in the National Hockey League. The all-star netminder was also the first to control a game by leaving his crease to play rolling pucks on the end boards. But Jacques Plante's game-changing moment came on November 1, 1959, during a mid-season tilt between his Montreal Canadiens and the rival New York Rangers.

Hit with a booming shot that broke his nose and left a gaping cut on his face, Plante was forced to the dressing room. When he returned, no one in the crowd could see the tape job and stitches the team's trainers had used to pull together the damage—because Plante was wearing a protective face mask.

In 1930 goalie Clint Benedict had briefly worn a leather protective covering over his nose after being hit by a puck. After his nose healed, the protection disappeared. Plante, meanwhile, had been wearing his mask for about four years in practice, and was determined to change the very way the game was played. Plante played in the era of bare-knuckled hockey. No players wore protective helmets, and skaters cut by pucks or sticks were expected to return to the ice as soon as the bleeding stopped and their wounds were stitched. Teams carried only one goalkeeper. If he was cut during play, the game was halted just long enough to sew him up and get him back on the ice.

Plante's coach, the legendary Toe Blake, didn't like him using a mask at all and forbade the netminder from wearing it in games. In fact, the night before the fateful November 1 game, Plante had been cut and stitched up, and then returned to the game. But on this specific night, the severity of the cut—plus his success as a star on a team full of stars—convinced Plante to defy his coach. And he got away with it. The Canadiens won

that night, and Blake grudgingly agreed to allow Plante to wear his mask in games until his injury healed. The team then went on an eighteen-game winning streak, so Blake kept his complaints to himself. In March, however, Blake asked his goalie to play a game against Detroit without his mask. Plante reluctantly agreed—and the Canadiens lost 3–0. The next game, Plante's mask was back for good.

At first Plante was the only goalie willing to wear a mask. But over the next decade, fewer and fewer netminders played barefaced. And it wasn't just goalkeepers' equipment that changed. Eventually the NHL decreed that all players—at every position—had to wear helmets. Today, many position players wear protective face visors as well. As for goalkeepers, they all now wear full-coverage masks that bear colourfully painted symbols and team insignias that personalize their protection.

There is nothing more Canadian than hockey. It took a star player with a sense of invention and self-protection, and also the courage to defy his coach and the traditionalists in the game, to change hockey—and in doing so, change Canada.

Madonna of the Ice Fields

March 22, 1977—Brigitte Bardot protests the seal hunt.

TINA LOO

Why choose Paris in the springtime when you could be in St. Anthony? That was the decision French bombshell Brigitte Bardot made when she joined a group of animal rights activists in the northern Newfoundland town to protest the seal hunt in March 1977. Bardot's presence signalled a turning point in the anti-sealing campaign, especially for more militant groups like the International Fund for Animal Welfare. Committed to ending the hunt, in the mid-1970s IFAW began to phrase its opposition more in the emotional language of animal rights than in the dispassionate arguments of science. Like their fellow travellers in Greenpeace, the members of IFAW had become more media savvy. IFAW hoped that Bardot's star power would be bright enough to illuminate the carnage occurring on the whelping grounds.

On March 22, the fading starlet and her guides headed to the ice fields to search for seals—and for photo ops. IFAW's shift in goals, messaging, and tactics was all contained in a single image that circled the globe. An oddly disturbing and potent combination of sex, death, maternal love, and uterine, the image of Bardot cradling a limp seal pup appealed to everyone. Men, women, and children pledged their support—and funds—to the cause, which by the mid-1970s had found itself short of cash and meaningless thanks to its own success.

Those successes were meted in a campaign directed at Canadians, calling for scientifically based conservation and more humane killing methods. In response, during the 1960s Ottawa subjected the hunt to licensing, limits, and on-site inspection. By the early 1970s the effectiveness of the campaign was such that upstream campaigners like the World Wildlife Fund withdrew to focus on more pressing issues, leaving

IFAW with a big problem: the seals might have been saved, but the animal rights agenda was at risk. Then, thanks to the woman whom journalist and Newfoundland-lander Rex Murphy dubbed the "madonna of the ice fields," IFAW raised \$1.1 million in 1977 while the price for seal skins plummeted. Even the hardbitten politicians of the European Community weren't immune to her influence: Bardot's appearance led them to ban the importation of whitecoat seal products in 1982.

Newfoundlanders were powerless in the face of the parade of "cleverage scientists" who found their way to the floes. All they had to counter Bardot was Premier Frank Moores, some scientists, and a slogan: "Save the Cod, Kill a Seal." The hunt dared no better: the Canadian government was ineffective in making the case for hunting as a cultural right.

Few who supported the end of sealing had any idea of the impact of their actions on the people who depended on the hunt. In the end IFAW's success in stopping commercial sealing was built first on exploiting the gulf between producers and consumers that lies at the root of many of the environmental problems we continue to confront, and second on feeding the same "star-maker machinery" that created a demand for furs in the first place.

BOOK EXCERPT

Brigitte Bardot hugs a whitecoat seal
on the ice of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in
March 1977.

Photographer: Miroslav Brozek



You Had an Option, Sir!

July 25, 1984: The Mulroney–Turner debate delivers a knockout blow.

PETER MANSBRIDGE

Every televised leaders' debate in every federal election follows the same pattern. In the days before, there's great buildup and anticipation. The time when the election is at stake! And then in the immediate aftermath, everyone agrees nothing happened.

Except once.

On July 25, 1984, Liberal prime minister John Turner and Progressive Conservative leader Brian Mulroney had the debate everyone dreams about: the debate that changes everything. Going into that night, the polls agreed that John Turner led the race. Against accounts he had a comfortable nine-point lead. For the first hour and a half of the debate, Turner and Mulroney exchanged barbs, and most journalists were getting ready to call it a draw. Suddenly, Turner brought up the single-pot pork barrel. It was a baffling decision since he was obviously vulnerable on the topic. It was he who had made several disastrous pork barrel appointments when he first became prime minister. Turner said he had "no option."

Mulroney pounced without hesitation. "You had an option, sir!" he roared. And he went on to make his point so completely that the prime minister was left muttering helplessly, a picture of defeat. And that was that.

Now it was the Conservatives with the nine-point lead in the polls. Allan Gregg, the Conservative pollster at the time, told Mulroney it was the greatest single change in the numbers since polling began in Canada. A few weeks later, Brian Mulroney became Canada's eighteenth prime minister. In the words of one, more than any party you had in this country, "No one doubted the winning point of the campaign: 'You had an option, sir' was a part of our political lexicon."

Everything Brian Mulroney was able to achieve as prime minister came as a direct result of that evening moment, in that debate, on that night. It's possible, of course, that some other prime minister, at some other time, would have adopted the policies that he pursued—free trade with the United States, the GST, the Meech Lake Accord, the Charlottetown Accord. But will anyone believe that?

What we do know is that the consequences of a single debate reverberated for almost nine years—longer, really. Mulroney was an incumbent at the end of his term in office that the Progressive Conservatives collapsed in the election following his resignation. That led to the election of Jean Chrétien and his Liberals, but also to the rise of the Reform Party, then the Canadian Alliance, and eventually the complete disappearance of the Progressive Conservatives.

That July night in 1984 also changed election debates within Canada. We'd never seen such an electric exchange between party leaders. The media loved it, of course. But the politicians, and especially their advisors, weren't ready to let that. They were over the moon, every year, of careful policy planning and play book building could be undone in an instant. From now on, campaign strategy was going to be the sphere of debates to minimize the risk of a so-called knockout punch. They don't want that punch even thrown, let alone allowed to land.

It's curious now to hear commentators lament that Canadian election debates are boring. Blame 1984.



John Turner, left, and Brian Mulroney during the 1988 "rematch" election debate over free trade.

Photographer: Fred Chartrand.





BUILT *to* INTIMIDATE

Fort Chambly was designed with one thing in mind — to keep its enemies at bay. *by René Chartrand.*

On the banks of Quebec's Richelieu River, at the foot of the Chambly rapids, stands a tall masonry fort that looks vaguely medieval. This is Fort Chambly National Historic Site, one of the most popular landmarks in Canada, not only because of its proximity to the great city of Montreal, but also because it is a truly enchanting site.

that, through a few portages south of Lake Champlain, connected the St. Lawrence River to the Atlantic Ocean, from Sorel, Quebec, to New York. Between the two was the home of the Five Nations Iroquois League. The region between Lake Champlain and the surrounding area of present-day Albany, New York, was occupied by the Agniers Nation, now usually known as Mohawk.

In the summer of 1609, a party of Huron and northern Algonquian warriors accompanied by explorer Samuel de Champlain and nine French soldiers landed south of what is now called Lake Champlain, where an Iroquois army was waiting for them. Armed with bows and shielded with wooden armour, the two opposing Aboriginal factions faced off in a clearing. Then Champlain emerged, firing his arquebus and instantly killing two Iroquois chiefs.

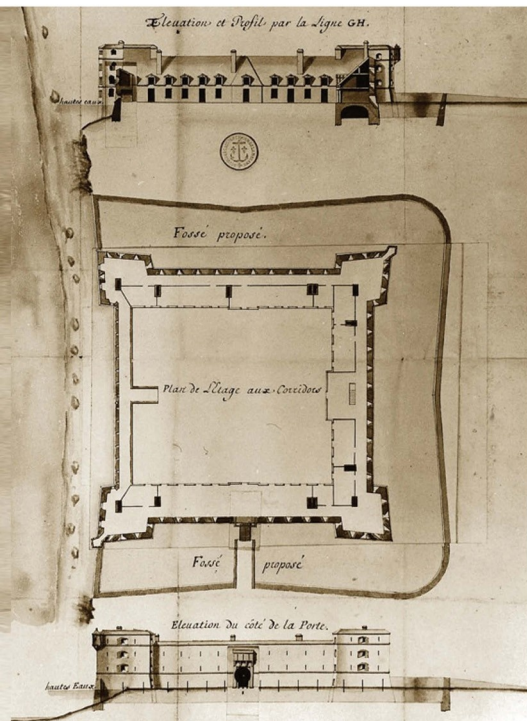
This was the start of decades of hostilities between the French and the powerful Iroquois League. The latter were eventually supplied with firearms by Dutch allies and became increasingly militant as they attempted to gain control of the fur trade. As over-hunted beaver disappeared in their territory, the Iroquois expanded northward, warring mainly with Algonquian-speaking peoples allied with the French. By the early 1650s, Iroquois warriors started attacking French colonists, who lived in terror of their raids. And by the mid-1660s, the small colony seemed endangered. That is when the young King Louis XIV intervened.

In 1665, twenty companies of the Carignan-Salières Regiment and four companies from other French army regiments arrived in Quebec City to stabilize the situation with the Iroquois. Their top priorities were to block the Iroquois's access to the Richelieu River and to launch an offensive in Iroquois territory. Several companies of the Carignan-Salières Regiment were dispatched to build a chain of forts from the St. Lawrence River to Lake Champlain.

On July 23, 1665, Captain Jacques de Chambly was instructed to erect a fort at the foot of the Richelieu rapids. About two hundred soldiers started construction on what was initially called Fort Saint-Louis. The fort was made of wood and built in a square shape, with each of its walls having a redan — a V-shaped projection — that assured a firing range free of obstacles at all angles. Each side was approximately forty-four metres long.

It was a very simple design, but it must have seemed mysterious and unusual to the Iroquois scouts who were watching all this activity from their hiding places in the surrounding woods. By the end of August, Captain Pierre de Saurel and his soldiers had already built another fort at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River where it meets the Richelieu, while erecting yet another one named Sainte-Thérèse a few kilometres away from Captain de Chambly's. In 1666, two additional forts went up further south: Fort Saint-Jean, at what is now the city of Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu in Quebec, and Fort Sainte-Anne, located on Isle La Motte at the northern end of Lake Champlain in what is now Vermont.

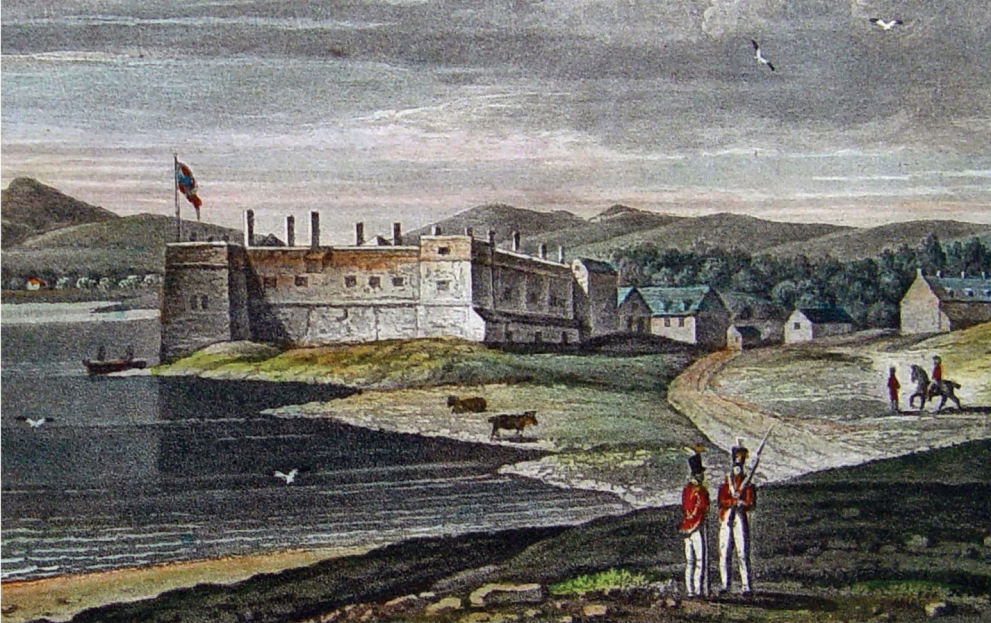
The Iroquois warriors did not dare attack the forts, which were intended to block invasions. These were also



ARCHIVES NATIONALES DU CANADA, CENRE DES ARCHIVES SOUTH WEST AND IN PROVINCE, 1600'S TO 18TH CENTURY, BIRCH COPIES.

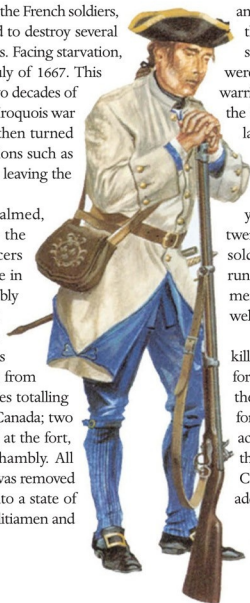
Above: Fort Chambly was the first "national historic site" and history museum funded by Canada's federal government, and it this year celebrated its 300th anniversary as stone fort. But like all other forts since the beginning of time, this one owes its existence to war. Its first conflict was with the Iroquois.

Long before the first European explorers named them, the Richelieu Valley, Lake Champlain, and the Hudson River held no secrets for the First Nations people. For them, these were major communication routes



important bases from which the French would organize attacks into what had been unassailable Iroquois territory, that of the Agniers Nation in particular. These missions into unfamiliar territory were difficult for the French soldiers, but Louis XIV's troops still managed to destroy several Iroquois villages and burn their crops. Facing starvation, the Iroquois chiefs made peace in July of 1667. This marked the end of the more than two decades of hostilities known as the first French/Iroquois war (1641–1667). The Iroquois League then turned its attention westward, pushing nations such as the Lakota into the Great Plains but leaving the French alone.

With hostilities temporarily calmed, French settlers began arriving by the hundreds, while soldiers and officers were given the opportunity to settle in the new country. The village of Chambly grew around the fort, populated mostly by demobilized soldiers who united their destiny with the “king’s daughters” — young emigrant girls from France. A garrison of four companies totalling three hundred soldiers was now in Canada; two of these companies mounted guard at the fort, now commonly known as Fort Chambly. All was quiet, and in 1671 the garrison was removed from the fort, which slowly went into a state of disrepair after being neglected by militiamen and merchants.



In the early 1680s, the situation deteriorated as conflicts between the French and the Iroquois again flared up over control of the fur trade. The Iroquois, now armed and encouraged by their English allies, renewed their attacks on the French colonists. By the summer of 1683, it became clear that there weren't enough militiamen to keep the Iroquois warriors at bay. As a result, three companies from the *Compagnies franches de la Marine* of France landed in Quebec in November of 1683. This was the beginning of the second French/Iroquois conflict (1684–1701).

Naval troops arrived during the following years, and in 1686 a small garrison of less than twenty soldiers was stationed at Chambly. These soldiers undoubtedly found the remains of a rundown fort, so, the following year, two hundred men arrived to build a new wooden palisade as well as a tower.

The Iroquois attacked during the fall of 1687, killing one soldier and a few inhabitants, but the fort stood firm. Iroquois attacks increased during the following years as the Chambly and Sorel forts were being repaired and readied for military action. Recent archaeological discoveries suggest that it was possibly around that time that Fort Chambly was enlarged and that bastions were added to wall corners.

By the early 1690s, a number of foot soldiers and Canadian militiamen had mastered the

Above:
Fort Chambly circa 1814–1815. During the War of 1812, the old fort became the headquarters for British forces south of Montreal.

Left: A soldier of the *Compagnies franches de la Marine*, circa 1750.

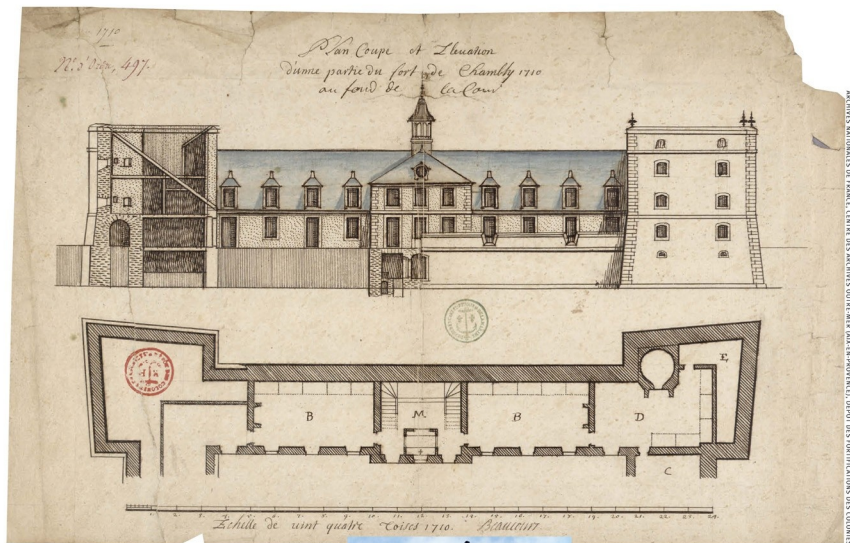
First Nations style of warfare, which was characterized by quick stealth attacks under the cover of the forest. Combining their new knowledge with their organizational skills and European-style discipline, this new fighting force became invincible. Over the next decade, the Iroquois and all other Aboriginal enemies of the French were routinely defeated and in some cases nearly annihilated. In August of 1701, almost all the Indian nations of the northeast, including the Iroquois, rallied for a "Great Peace" as proposed by the French in Montreal.

This peace treaty proved lasting, but the French colonists soon had another enemy to contend with — the English.

Montreal, improving transport and communications.

Although the region had been quiet since 1701, the threat from the south was growing. In 1709, a powerful army mustered south of Lake Champlain with the grand objective of invading Canada. However, it was decimated by smallpox and dysentery, brought on by poor conditions in the camps as the soldiers waited all summer for a Royal Navy fleet that never arrived. But the New Englanders vowed to try again.

Taking the threat seriously, Quebec began construction of a new Chambly fort in the fall of 1709, completing it two years later. The new structure, all in masonry, was radically different from all that had been



Above: In the North American colonies, the longtime rivals were at odds in what was known as Queen Anne's War, which lasted from 1702 to 1712. Fort Chambly was the first French post encountered when heading up the Richelieu River from New England. It was therefore of great strategic importance. But, being made of wood, it was also vulnerable. On a cold night during the winter of 1701–1702, a fire started in the chaplain's quarters and quickly spread to the other buildings, killing the chaplain and a few soldiers. A new fort was constructed in 1702, which was also made of wood and also laid out in a square with bastions as well as a masonry tower inside. The following year, a road was built between Chambly and

Right: A corner bastion at today's Fort Chambly.



built in Europe and Canada until then. The engineer, Josué du Boisberthelot de Beausecours, agreed with brilliant military engineer Marshal Vauban, who had said that forts with "simple walls with towers like the ones in our French villages and towns" were strong enough for Canada's defence.

The stone fort that was erected between 1709 and 1711 was as impressive as the one we know today. Its walls were nearly ten metres high and one metre thick. With its four bastions and high masonry walls, Fort Chambly was similar to the forts of medieval castles. The wall facing the river was pierced with six canon-firing slits, and up to forty canons could be set up in the fort if needed. The main housing, also in masonry, was

against the inner wall and included a chapel.

It is obvious that Fort Chambly — then the southern gateway to New France — was built to impress. Visitors could admire the King of France's coat of arms as soon as they passed through the doors, and they could see soldiers in white and blue uniforms all over the premises. Back then, there was nothing in the southern English colonies that compared to this fort. And no one attacked it for almost fifty years.

Fort Chambly's strategic importance changed in the 1730s, when the French pushed into territory south of Lake Champlain and constructed Fort Saint-Frédéric at present-day Crown Point, New York. Still, Chambly remained an important link in the French defence network south of Montreal, serving as a depot for ammunition and food. In 1744, the fort's six canons were sent to Saint-Frédéric.

The struggle between France and England for control of the continent resumed with the start of the Seven Years War in 1755. On September 4, 1760, a large number of British regulars and New England militia on their way to Montreal approached the fort. The heavily outnumbered French garrison fired a few shells before surrendering — very likely they feared for the lives of the women and children living outside the fort, who were at the mercy of the enemy. The surrender of Fort Chambly cleared the way for the English attack on Montreal. British redcoats replaced French soldiers inside the fort.

Fifteen years later, the British would be the ones to surrender Fort Chambly to the Americans during the American Revolution. But this state of affairs did not last long. The Americans evacuated the fort the following year upon the arrival of British reinforcements.

After that, all was quiet until the War of 1812. With its strategic location, Chambly became the headquarters of the British army in the Montreal area. An imposing military complex, made up of over forty buildings, was constructed. It was from here that a British contingent departed with the goal of stopping the American army from attacking Montreal. On October 26, 1813, a detachment of soldiers and Canadian militiamen pushed back American soldiers approaching Canada's metropolises.

Over the years, the aging fort deteriorated. It was finally abandoned in 1869, and the government prepared to demolish it. That is when the fort's saviour, Joseph-Octave Dion (1838–1916) providentially stepped in. A journalist, Dion was passionate about advocating for Fort Chambly's preservation and tried to restore it. His calls were heard, and the ruins were stabilized. In 1885, a historic museum was built inside the fort, and Dion became the site's curator.

The creation of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada in 1919 further ensured its preservation as a National Historic Site. Major restoration work took place during the 1980s, returning one of Canada's most beautiful historic monuments to its former glory. 🍷

Workers restore
Fort Chambly.



Fort Chambly saved from ruin

As a manager of interpretation products for Parks Canada, I really owe my career to Joseph-Octave Dion, the first custodian of Fort Chambly. Were it not for his determination to persuade the Government of Canada to save this important monument to our past, the fort's old stones would have been used to build a wharf on the Chambly Canal, and I would never have become a guide/interpreter at Fort Chambly National Historic Site in 1981.

Dion was born in Chambly, a village on the shore of Quebec's Richelieu River, in 1838. The fort, which was rapidly deteriorating as local residents carried off its stone and wood to build houses, became Dion's life passion. After fifteen years of lobbying, he was in 1882 given \$1,000 by the Department of Public Works to restore the structure and supervise the work. Dion made his home inside the fort and organized patriotic pilgrimages from Montreal. He continued to lobby for restoration funds and lived at the fort until he died in 1916.

In 1920, less than ten years after the establishment of the Dominion Parks Branch, Fort Chambly was designated a National Historic Site. A museum was installed inside the fort to house an exhibit set up by Marius Barbeau, a renowned ethnologist with the National Museum of Canada. At that time, the fort was a bucolic ruin, graced with a small flower garden, trees, and benches beside the Richelieu rapids. In the 1960s, the exhibit was updated and a slide show was added.

In the 1970s, Parks Canada launched a major overhaul of Fort Chambly, restoring it to what it looked like at the end of the French regime. It was a huge challenge: The three surviving curtain walls had to be stabilized; spaces walled in during Dion's time had to be opened up; and the north wall and the four buildings adjacent to the curtain walls had to be reconstructed.

An investment of more than \$8 million supported the restoration project from the fall of 1980 to the summer of 1982. Missing stones were replaced by new ones from the Montreal region. The fort, as well as the buildings bordering the interior courtyard, were returned to their 1750 exterior appearance.

Nonetheless, to clearly indicate that it was a reconstruction, modern materials used inside three of the wings of the fort were made obvious. Only the south wing, the one that includes the chapel, was returned to an eighteenth-century look with wooden beams and floorboards and diamond-paned windows of old glass. The chapel bell is an exact replica of the bell once located in the bell tower of the Fortress of Louisbourg in Nova Scotia.

On July 1, 1983, I was proud to be present for the inauguration of the new Fort Chambly as a young guide/interpreter. Thanks to the pioneering work of Dion and the efforts of Parks Canada, Fort Chambly is today one of Canada's most visited National Historic Sites.

— André Gousse



HOLDING DOWN

PARKS CANADA ADMINISTERS A RANGE OF HISTORIC FORTS AND FORTIFIED PLACES ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

DEFENDING NEW FRANCE

In the early years of colonization, the French constructed — and sometimes captured — numerous forts across North America. They were located as far west as present-day Saskatchewan, as far north as James Bay, and as far south as Florida. They ranged from large,

solid stone structures to small wooden trading posts.

The most elaborate is the Fortress of Louisbourg, a gigantic stone complex on Cape Breton Island designed to defend France's possessions in the New World. The fortified town — which became a busy trading centre connected with the thriving cod fishery — took twenty-six years to build. Despite its size, it was vulnerable

to attack and fell into English hands twice. In 1758, after conquering Louisbourg the second time, the English dismantled it. Its rebuilding in the 1960s remains North America's largest historical reconstruction.

The French also built a string of forts along the Richelieu River, first to defend colonists against the arrows of the Iroquois, and later to defend against the cannons of the English. Fort Saint-Louis, built out of wood in 1655 and later renamed Fort Chamblé, was in 1709–11 rebuilt out of stone. The imposing fortress has been restored by Parks Canada and showcases key moments in the history of New France.

As early French fur traders moved inland, they established fortified trading posts along major waterways. However, many of these fell into ruin and their exact locations are lost to history.

FIGHTING OFF AMERICANS AND REBELS

After the conquest of New France in 1759–60, the British either destroyed or occupied the French forts they captured. With the outbreak of the American Revolution, it became necessary to protect against threats from the south. By the time the War of 1812 began, the British had completed a network of forts in the Niagara region.

Chief among them was Fort George, located at present-day Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, and built across the river from American-held Fort Niagara. A complex of log bastions and wooden palisades, Fort George was completed in 1802 and served as the headquarters for the



Centre Division of the British Army, a force that included British regulars, local militia, Aboriginal warriors, and freed slaves. The fort was captured in May of 1813 and retaken eight months later. Today, it is a reconstructed National Historic Site.

Other forts from this era include Fort Amherstburg — later named Fort Malden — on the banks of the Detroit River near where the waterway empties into Lake Erie. Built in 1796, it served as the headquarters for British forces in what is now southwestern Ontario and was destroyed by American forces during the War of 1812.

After the war, it was rebuilt, renamed, and repurposed as a centre for British troops during the Upper Canada Rebellion of 1837–38. In its later incarnations it served as a “lunatic” asylum and a lumberyard. Today's Fort Malden National Historic Site includes the remains of earthworks from the 1840s as well as four restored buildings.

Another War of 1812 fort of note is Fort Wellington, constructed during the war to defend the St. Lawrence River shipping route between Montreal and Kingston from attack by the Americans. Consisting of a substantial one-storey blockhouse enclosed by earthen ramparts, Fort Wellington was expanded in 1838 to include a guardhouse, cook house, latrine, and officers' quarters. A new Parks Canada visitor centre slated to open in May 2012 will present an enhanced exhibit on the War of 1812, including the display of a preserved British gunboat hull measuring more than fifty feet.

BATTLING FOR THE FUR TRADE

While independent fur traders were throwing up posts deep in the interior, the Hudson's Bay Company was sinking huge resources into building massive structures along the shore of Hudson Bay.

York Factory was among the first of these. Constructed in 1684 where the Hayes River flows into Hudson Bay, the post was surrounded by a wooden palisade. In its early years it changed hands several times as British and French traders

Louisbourg



the FORTS



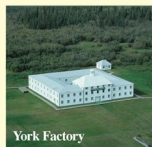
HERE IS A SAMPLING OF SOME OF THEM. BY NELLE OOSTEROM

fought for control of the lucrative trade in beaver pelts.

The HBC retained control after 1713, and the fort became the most important trading post on the bay. York Factory, along with the stone-walled Fort Prince of Wales in Churchill, are retained today as National Historic Sites that commemorate the company's presence on Hudson Bay.

When the Montreal-based North West Company came on the scene in 1783, it built trading forts inland that seriously cut into the HBC's profit. In response, the HBC moved into the interior and sometimes set up forts next door to the NWC.

For instance, Fort Espérance in the Qu'Appelle Valley in present-day Saskatchewan was built in 1787 and was the main pemmican depot in the NWC's continental fur trade. The HBC briefly set up a post across the river from



York Factory

Fort Espérance in 1801, which was destroyed by the North-westers during the height of the fur wars in 1816. The sites where Fort Espérance stood — it was relocated several times — have been designated a National Historic Site.

While there are no visitor services at Fort Espérance, there is plenty to see and do at some of the other fur trade forts administered by Parks Canada. Lower Fort Garry, near Winnipeg, is the oldest intact stone trading post in North America and a wide range of interpretive programs.

Fort Langley in British Columbia, the site of an HBC fur trade fort that helped establish B.C. as a British colony, has activities year-round, such as a corporate adventure program that includes excursions in a large voyageur canoe. At Fort Témiscamingue in Quebec, visitors learn about daily life at an early French fur-trading post.

BRINGING ORDER TO THE NORTHWEST

The opening of Canada's western and northern frontiers brought inevitable conflict in the form of illegal whisky traders and other types of lawlessness. When the situation boiled over during an 1873 incident known as the Cypress Hills Massacre — the slaughter of more than twenty Nakoda people by drunken American wolf hunters — the Canadian government responded by sending in a paramilitary force.

The North West Mounted Police set up fortified posts across the region. Of particular significance was Fort Walsh, established in 1875 a short distance from where the massacre had occurred in present-day southwestern

Saskatchewan. The men stationed there immediately worked to end the whisky trade and patrolled the border to assert Canadian sovereignty.

Aboriginal people stopped in regularly at Fort Walsh for help and advice. And for a while the fort supervised thousands of Lakoda refugees who fled to Canada under the leadership of Sitting Bull. Fort Walsh was reconstructed in the 1940s and is today a National Historic Site.



Fort Walsh

Another NWMP fort of note is Fort Battleford near present-day Battleford, Saskatchewan. Established in 1876, it played a pivotal role in treaty negotiations with First Nations and served as a base for military operations during the North-West Rebellion of 1885. Today it is a National Historic Site that includes five original buildings and reconstructed stockades and bastions.

Fort Livingstone, near present-day Pelly, Saskatchewan, near the Manitoba border, is notable for being the first NWMP post established in Western Canada. Built in 1874, the ground on which it stood is preserved as a National Historic Site.

ANCHORING COMMUNITY LIFE

Forts were the focal points of many important developments in Canada's history. As bases for defence, crossroads of trade, and centres of growing communities, they have been gathering places for generations, whether they were managed by the French or British military, the Hudson's Bay or North West Company, or the North West Mounted Police. Today they continue to be centres of community life, often contributing significantly to local economies and tourism industries, and bearing witness to Canada's defining moments. 🍁



Fort Battleford



Guided BY VOICES

Oral historians are giving a voice to refugees fleeing trauma and persecution in their homelands. by Mark Abley

She bites her lip. She glances down towards the floor. But she doesn't cry. I watch her, preserved by the magic of digital technology, the way she looked on an ordinary day in her adopted city of Montreal: upright, resilient, her hair still black, a cross hanging from her necklace.

She converted to Christianity after the bad years, the times that began in 1975 when she and sixty-two other members of her extended family were forced to leave their homes in Phnom Penh by the newly victorious Khmer Rouge. They expected to spend a few days in the Cambodian countryside. Those few days turned into nearly four terrible years.

Remembering can be a painful act. Only in 1979, when the Khmer Rouge was ousted from power, could her family finally reunite and find its way home. But most of them had died. Among those sixty-three people, she quietly says, "there were only twelve survivors."

Having uttered those words, Ven Runnath falls silent. That's when the camera catches her biting her lower lip.

Cambodian immigrants like her are one of the key groups now being filmed by members of a project based at the history department of Concordia

University — Life Stories of Montrealers Displaced by War, Genocide, and Other Human Rights Violations. It's an awkward name for a remarkable venture, one that plucks history out of the classroom and embeds it in the community — or rather, in several communities, including those of Cambodians, Rwandans, Haitians, Holocaust survivors, Latin American refugees, and others. In a big multicultural city, where at least a quarter of residents are foreign-born, the stories to be told are innumerable.

Inset:
Cambodian immigrant Ven Runnath endured four terrible years under the Khmer Rouge.



Montreal Life Stories — the shorter version of its name — is an alliance between university researchers and community members in which not all the power belongs to the academy. Having begun work in 2007, on the strength of a grant from the Social Sciences and Humanities Research Council, the project has stretched to include about 150 people. Academics form a small minority within that circle. The group also contains artists, new media professionals, schoolteachers, student interns, volunteers, and members of eighteen community partner groups. Besides collecting information, they aim to share and disseminate it by using techniques as ancient as theatre and as new as digital media.

"Most of us are not historians," says project coordinator Eve-Lyne Cayouette-Ashby. "I have a



Above: background in anthropology and heritage studies. Lisa Ndejuru of Montreal (wearing glasses) with her aunt Radegonde Ndejuru in Nyanza, Rwanda, during a political event in 2010.

Other people come from sociology, cinema, social work, communications studies, and so on. And we have a bunch of partners in the arts."

That kind of collaboration is hard to imagine in a traditionally minded history department. But the Concordia researchers are at the leading edge of a new wave of younger historians exploring how we came to be who we are today.

Oral history — for so long unloved, neglected, even derided by many academics — has lately moved towards the forefront of the profession in North America, Europe, and beyond. Centres of oral history have sprouted at many Canadian universities in the past decade. The guiding light of the movement, an Italian named Alessandro Portelli, is not even a historian by training, but a journalist, critic, and professor of Anglo-American literature at the University of Rome.

"Oral history is story, it's people, it's the power of putting a face and name to the past," says Steven High, restlessly waving his hands as he sits in a meeting room in the Concordia history department. Originally from Thunder Bay, Ontario, where he was an undergraduate in the late 1980s, High is now the Canada Research Chair in Public History. (The term "public history" can embrace not just oral history but also heritage, curatorial, archival, and other work that takes place outside an academic setting.) High is also something of

a crusader, both for his university — he wants to make Concordia the focal point in the country for this type of work — and for oral history in general.

"If you go into an archive, you don't just look at one document and say, 'I've got the truth here,'" he says. "You look at a large number of sources. We do this with oral history, too. But with oral history, the individual becomes the frame — because each story matters. For example, 'How did the genocide in Cambodia affect this particular individual?' Memory is front and centre, but truth becomes plural and partial."

An obvious objection could be made at this point, but High answers my question before I can raise it: "Of course there are parts of the story they're not telling you. They're not telling it to themselves, either. Oral history is not always good on the temporal sequence of events — some things are misremembered. But they're misremembered for a reason. Oral history is really good on emotion, and on meaning."

Many years ago I had an experience of this myself. Journalism is considered the first draft of history, and in 1985 I wrote an article for the magazine *Books in Canada* about an extraordinary event that had taken place fifteen years earlier — on the very day in October 1970 when Pierre Trudeau's government invoked the War Measures Act. A convocation at Bishop's University in Lennoxville, Quebec, featured an address by a radical young Québécois poet named Paul Chamberland. He



Above:
The children of
Rwandan-Canadian
genocide
survivors take part
in a procession in
Montreal in 2011
that commemorates
the genocide.

walked onstage, reached inside a bag for the text of his speech, and told the almost entirely English-speaking audience, *"Je déclare que je suis du FLQ."* Alarm swept through the crowd. What Chamberland meant by those initials, it eventually turned out, was "Free Love Québec" or *"Faire L'amour au Québec"* — but nobody knew this when he began his address.

There were many writers in attendance, and all the ones I interviewed a decade and a half later not only remembered the occasion vividly, they each remembered it in a slightly different way. One author assured me that Chamberland was holding a briefcase. Another recalled him lugging a small suitcase onto the stage. Somebody else called it a carrier bag. Other people were convinced it was a shoulder bag. It was made of leather; or it was not. As a journalist, how could I reconcile these conflicting memories?

The answer, of course, was to focus not on the bag itself but on what it and its owner represented: the potential for something unknown, something unpredictable, something menacing. At Bishop's University that day, the old certitudes about Quebec's place in Canada and about Canada's identity as a peaceable, non-violent country were under threat.

Chamberland turned out to be a harmless talker; there was no bomb in his bag. But many of his listeners were scared, and years later the confusion in their memories reflected their fear.

"You never actually know what happened in the past," says Anna Sheftel, a post-doctoral researcher at Concordia who worked with Europe's Roma and in war-weary Bosnia before beginning her current project with Holocaust survivors in Montreal.

"Listening to elites and going through documents is never going to give you the full story. For instance, in Bosnia, all these traditional, top-down historians ask why neighbour turned on neighbour. But you can't tell the entire story from that kind of history — you have to talk to the neighbours!

"Some historians study how the elites prepare the masses for war," Sheftel adds. "I study how people receive these messages. By focusing on subjectivity and meanings, we're trying to answer different questions."

Members of the Montreal Life Stories team filmed Ven Runnath on three occasions from 2009 to 2010. The interviews took place in a home in a modest suburb of Montreal. During the sessions, she chose to sit on a beige sofa. A family portrait was clearly visible atop a piano in the next room. In spite of her bad teeth — a legacy, no doubt, of the starvation she endured under the Khmer Rouge — she looks younger than her seventy-plus years. There is a great dignity about her.

Watching the recording, I soon realize that for her, as for so many other survivors of desperate conditions,

the physical pain inflicted by the Khmer Rouge was less traumatic than the psychological wounds. "We never satisfied them," she says. "The injuries — I didn't mind too much. But the separation...."

Her husband was held in a separate location, her children somewhere else again. For long months she had no idea if they were still alive.

Among people who have endured such atrocities, the humdrum routines of daily life can assume an almost dreamlike feel. Many of those who survived the Rwandan genocide of 1994 still carry the experience as a heavy weight inside themselves. Berthe Kayitesi, now an articulate Canadian woman, was a young teenager in Rwanda during the extreme violence. At least four

lives had already been scarred by ethnic violence. When she was filmed for the Concordia project, she admits, she didn't think she had a story to tell. "And the same is true for a lot of people in the diaspora who were not in Rwanda in 1994. I've been displaced, for sure, but I don't feel I'm a survivor. I have not lost a brother because somebody murdered him in front of me."

Even so, "I remember starting to talk about my grandmother (during the Concordia interview). And something welled up..." She falls briefly silent and places her hand above her heart. "It was more emotional than I thought."

Ndejuru has been on the other side of the room as well, both as the questioner and as the camera operator. Indeed, she has interviewed her mother, her father, and his three brothers. "I'm a very lucky person — I have lots of family because we left early." She has returned to Rwanda twice since 1994. But one thing she has not done yet is to interview any of the perpetrators of the genocide.

The community partner for the Rwandan working group is an association of genocide survivors. "Early on in the Life Stories project," Ndejuru recalls, "there were some hard decisions to make. It was not the right time for placing survivors' difficult stories side-by-side with" — another brief and telling silence — "other stories."

At present, she admits, reconciliation across the victim/perpetrator divide may be an impossible goal, even in the shared context of exile. But she wonders about the coming generations: "What would it mean to be whole and equal, side-by-side? If it's seen that way, then there's hope."

Hourig Attarian, a post-doctoral researcher at Concordia, is now working on stories told by descendants of the many girls and young women who were abducted into Turkish, Kurdish, and Arab households during the Armenian genocide that began in 1915.

"They were taken as sex slaves and labour slaves within the Ottoman Empire, even to North Africa," she explains. "Later they led torn, hidden, double lives. But within Turkey today, there's a grandchildren's movement — they're reclaiming that part of their family history. For a long time, it was difficult for Armenians, too, to talk about this. In the sixties and seventies, to say you had a Turkish relative was total shame."

When she interviews descendants of the abducted girls, Attarian finds it crucial to listen not only to their words but also to what lies behind their words. "What do you do with the silences?" she asks. "Absolutely the silences are part of the story, both on a personal and on a scholarly level."

"It's paradoxical — on the one hand the memory is totally bursting open, with stories coming out that have skipped one or two generations, just when you thought the silence would have been complete. On the other hand, it's driving home the permanence of the loss."

The work of oral history is particularly important for those groups — Armenians and European Jews



Right: Professor Steven High is working to make Concordia University a centre for oral history research.

PHOTO: JAMES ASHBY/PHOTO

members of her immediate family were killed. "I think that a big part of me is still there," she tells a Life Stories interviewer. "I think that I live here physically, all the while living over there mentally."

That kind of dividedness, that uneasy blend of identities, has seldom received its due in history writing. Readers and writers alike tend to prefer a straightforward narrative: Such-and-such an event happened; these were the actors, these the acted-upon; the consequences are clear. First he saw this; then he did that.

At its best, oral history questions and complicates such a linear approach. It pays attention to the hesitations, the spiralling-back, the silences.

Lisa Ndejuru, a Montreal artist and psychotherapist, has played a major role in the Rwandan working group. Born in Rwanda in 1970, she grew up mostly in Germany, the daughter of expatriate parents whose



are two obvious examples — who are still sometimes confronted by genocide-deniers. When the written sources are incomplete or missing, personal testimony can become critically important.

Stacey Zembrzycki, for instance, is now working with Anna Sheftel at Concordia, exploring the postwar influx to Montreal of Holocaust survivors and other immigrants from eastern Europe. But in her doctoral work, carried out several years ago at Carleton University, she looked at her home community: working-class Ukrainians in northern Ontario. As a child growing up in Sudbury, listening to her grandmother's stories, she spoke Ukrainian as a first language.

"I was going to use oral history to supplement the written record," Zembrzycki says. "But I didn't find anything on the record. Without the stories I heard, I would have had nothing." She pauses, spurred by memory to make a slight correction. "My only records came from people's basements — they were covered in mouse feces."

The long-standing prejudice against oral history ("unsound," "amateur," "not scholarly") meant that until the past few years the value of its earlier discoveries was often minimized. A case in point involves thousands of interviews with former slaves that were carried out in the United States in the 1930s under a federal works program. These interviews, many of them poorly transcribed, had largely been ignored until the award-winning historian Andrew Ward went through them for

his 2008 book *The Slaves' War*.

"There was quite a lot of prejudice against oral history as being completely unreliable," Ward told the *Wall Street Journal*, so the stories told by the former slaves had been given little credence. But he found "over and over again that their stories were reliable, to the extent I could check them."

Researchers are coming to realize the merits of using oral evidence to verify and sometimes modify the written record. A good example appears in a recent book edited by Steven High, *Occupied St. John's: A Social History of a City at War, 1939–1945*. One of its chapters, written by Barbara Lorenzkowski, looks at children's wartime experiences from the perspective of twenty-five interviews conducted in 2007. Newfoundland society was, at the time, strictly divided along religious lines.

Or at least, that's the official version. But as Lorenzkowski writes, "Children did not necessarily abide by the rules of the adult world." On the streets, away from the gaze of parents, children engaged in friendships and escapades not limited by their religious identity. The oral testimony revealed much more fluid boundaries than written histories allow for.

But the work is not easy, it's not simple, and it's not fast. "Oral history has to be slow," Sheftel insists. "Imagine if someone walked into your house and asked you, after ten minutes' conversation, to reveal stories of

Above: Members of the Living Histories playback theatre ensemble perform at an event for the Montreal Rwandan community. The actors in the foreground are Lisa Ndejuru (wearing the blue scarf) and Catherine Dajczman.



Above: A child stands beneath a hand-painted sign pointing to a genocide memorial garden along a roadside in northern Uganda.

incredible trauma!" She pulls a slight face. "The long-haul process is not necessarily compatible with research deadlines or tenure deadlines."

"I used to talk with the chickens," Ven Runnath is saying. Struggling to find the right words in a language she learned in middle age, she reverts to the present tense. "When I'm alone, I'd see the hen with the chicks, and then I'd cry. I said, 'Now, you are lucky — you could be near your children all the time.'"

She pauses, and a baby's cry somewhere in the modest home breaks the momentary silence. Fortunately, Ven Runnath did not lose all her immediate family: Several of her children also survived the Khmer Rouge terror, and she is now a grandmother. The Montreal Life Stories interviews took place in a daughter's home. Here in Canada, she and other survivors of genocide have been able to rebuild lives so shattered it's hard for most of us to imagine the suffering they endured.

Do we need to imagine? Can we share their pain? Should we even try?

Joy Parr, a Canada Research Chair at the University of Western Ontario and one of the leading oral historians in the country, has thought long and hard about her work and the ethical challenges it poses. In a keynote address to the 2010 meeting of the Canadian Historical Association, she surprised many listeners with her relentless questioning and self-

questioning. "From my start as an oral historian," she told her listeners that day, "I was interviewing people carrying a considerable legacy of pain, labouring under burdens of barely suppressed and thoroughly repressed memories." In such a context, how can oral historians do justice both to the demands of their sources and the needs of their profession? Can their interviews be a form of predation? How can intellectual and emotional burnout be staved off?

New technologies can bring new ethical challenges. Digitization, Parr pointed out, should be a means to an end, not an end in its own right. "If we are privy only to the digitized transcripts produced from interviews, not the processes and context that informed their making, how will we make good use of the information accumulating in digital archives?"

Parr concluded her talk by stating that any claim by oral historians to share the emotions of their subjects is an illusion. The title of her address — a line she first heard from the lips of a First Nations man — was "Don't Speak For Me."

Like other social scientists, oral historians are bound by the need to obtain ethics consent forms. These may vary from university to university. The one at Carleton, Zembrzycki says, was five pages long. These documents, intended to be a safeguard, serve as a serious obstacle in places where formal paperwork may appear intrusive, threatening, or culturally inappropriate. In her doctoral research, Zembrzycki broke the standard rules by having her

Ukrainian grandmother present for interviews with elderly members of the community.

"I was never supposed to have my Baba in the room," she confides. "My supervisors in Ottawa were saying 'Leave her at home! That's not how you do oral history!' But if I didn't take Baba in, there would be no interviews."

Oral history both validates and depends on the power of narrative. Against the dry, bloodless accumulation of facts and statistics that characterized so much academic history in the past few decades, it celebrates story.

Yet stories come with responsibilities. Ethical issues arise. Who owns the work — not just the words of the stories, but their underlying meanings and interpretations? This is a particularly crucial issue when outsiders venture into First Nations territory.

It can also be tremendously exhausting for any researcher to spend hours and hours listening to stories of trauma. To maintain some detachment from the speaker is both necessary and problematic. "I've had moments when I had to hold back tears,"

own community or an outsider (Ven Runnath chose a Québécois woman). They can decide how long the interviews last — the longest so far, with a Cambodian, required twenty-five hours in multiple sessions. They can choose not to talk about certain topics.

If a session becomes too emotional, they can ask for the recording device to be turned off. And when the interviews are complete, they are asked to prepare a short report on the experience and are given a form on which they can register any complaints.

"At first," High recalls, "I was doing interviews for my purposes. Sure, there would be a copy for the local community. But that's the archival model." (It's striking how many times the oral historians at Concordia give the word "archival" a negative connotation.)

He adds: "Ethics is at the core of what we do — as with Aboriginal history. You're dealing with living people who trust you. So our consent forms give layers of choices: They're not copyright agreements, they're right-of-use agreements."

He speaks of a British study involving people who became infected with HIV through blood transfusions:

It can be tremendously exhausting for a researcher to spend hours and hours listening to stories of trauma.

Sheftel admits, "and I've had a couple of nightmares. But I think doing this work in the archives would be far worse."

In her work on the consequences of the Holocaust, Zembrzycki began to suffer nightmares — not after listening to survivors, but after reading the work of Primo Levi, a gifted author who was an inmate at Auschwitz. "Oral history is different," she adds, "because people's lives go on. They're incredibly resilient."

The answer to many of the ethical dilemmas, Steven High is convinced, lies in the relationship between researchers and communities. The Concordia project is committed to the sharing of authority, even when that principle leads to decisions most historians would not like to make.

One of the community working groups chose to exclude an eager candidate who had served under a repressive regime. "She could have added a lot," says Cayouette-Ashby, the Montreal Life Stories coordinator, "but the group took the decision not to invite her."

Whatever their origin, the people being filmed in Montreal retain an unusual degree of control over the entire process. They can choose to be interviewed by someone within their family — or not. They can say if they prefer to be questioned by a man or a woman. They can decide whether the interviewer is a member of their

"A beautiful project," he says. But the British Library owns the rights to the patients' stories, "and that's just wrong."

I ask Cayouette-Ashby what advice she would give researchers about to begin similar work elsewhere. "Share authority," she says at once. "This project wouldn't exist if the two worlds were not joining. If I were a researcher doing work on the Congo, sure, I could find some people to interview — but what would be the impact on the Congolese community? The biggest *particularité* of this project is that the communities themselves said, 'We want to do this.' So it's learning with, not working on."

Ven Runnath and the hundreds of other Montrealers who have been interviewed as part of Montreal Life Stories are more than simply objects of study; they are partners in what High calls both an "amazing creative space" and "an interdisciplinary quest."

He talks about a day of reflection that was organized by the Rwandan working group. It lasted eight hours and brought together about 120 people from the community, including elders and teenagers, and featured a question-and-answer session.

"And I thought, 'This is what it's all about, right?'" said High.

"It shows that oral history can be a catalyst, not just for academic research, but for reflection, for dialogue, and for political action." ●

Wild ideas

Visions of parks have changed over time — and that's a good thing.

When we cruised the mighty Saguenay fiord in Saguenay-St. Lawrence Marine Park last summer, it did not occur to me that this might be a national park for the future. In fact, if J.B. Harkin, “father of Canada’s national parks,” came back in spirit to see it, he might not recognize it as a national park at all.

The park at Saguenay-St. Lawrence is entirely underwater, for one thing, and it focuses on preserving a unique marine environment; the original national parks were

neers of our national parks helped to draw in the early twentieth century.

Like many official centennials, Parks Canada’s one-hundredth birthday seems slightly invented. After all, Banff National Park, created in 1885, celebrated its 125th anniversary last year. But 1911 matters, too. That was the year a scattering of national parks, mostly in the Rockies, was entrusted to the Dominion Parks Branch (Parks Canada today), the world’s first agency devoted to managing an entire parks system as a national asset. National parks were

frid Laurier’s Liberal government just weeks after it had appointed him. Later, in 1930, he thwarted Calgary Power’s ambitions to build a power dam right in Banff National Park — only to see the company’s owner, R. B. Bennett, become prime minister that same year. Harkin survived that, too.

In its early years, the parks service might have welcomed the dam builders. In 1885, Prime Minister John A. Macdonald had promised that Banff National Park would recoup its costs many times over. In his day, and in the early years of the parks, roads and recreational facilities were more important than wilderness. Parks were national resources to be exploited like forests, wheat fields, or mineral deposits. At first, the parks branch did not oppose logging or mining in parks, and its wardens were paid to trap wolves and other predators. Some people were hardly treated better — First Nations and early settlers were driven heartlessly from their homes in the new parks.

By 1930, attitudes had shifted. The new National Parks Act declared that parks were “dedicated to the people of Canada” and must be preserved “unimpaired for future generations.” A conservationist ethos was being born. The preservation of landscapes and animals began to rival the amusement of visitors as the goal of national parks. Harkin said at the end of his life that while a system of national parks had been successfully built, “the battle to keep them inviolate is never won.” His biographer concludes that Harkin was not just a dedicated bureaucrat; he was a great man.

The second transformative figure in Canadian parks history might just be a politician — Jean Chrétien, in fact. Harkin imagined national parks in every part of Canada, but when Chrétien became Parks Canada’s minister in 1968 the parks network was hardly larger than it had been in the 1930s. Between 1968 and 1972 came eleven new



Saguenay-St. Lawrence National Marine Park is located entirely underwater.

©2007/2008

mostly mountain landscapes that Parks Canada had improved with new roads, big hotels, and golf courses to attract and entertain the tourists. Also, Harkin was an Ottawa man to his fingertips, whereas Parks Canada runs Saguenay-St. Lawrence National Park in partnership with Parcs Québec.

In the end, Harkin might approve of parks like this one. As a park dedicated to marine conservation, Saguenay-St. Lawrence suggests future pathways for national parks. But in the centenary year of Parks Canada, it still follows a road map for parks that the pio-

ner uniquely Canadian even then. Yosemite and Yellowstone both preceded Banff, and the titles of two American parks histories proudly call national parks *An American Idea* and *America’s Best Idea*. Yet the idea of a central agency running a nationwide network of protected places first came into effect here — Parks Canada is five years older than its American counterpart.

Bernard Harkin became the first head of the parks service at its birth in 1911, and he ran the branch until 1936. A Liberal patronage appointee, he survived the defeat of Wil-

parks, including the first park north of the sixtieth parallel and the first national parks in Quebec — one of them, La Mauricie, adjoined Chrétien's own riding.

Parks Canada was starting to deliver on its promise to preserve examples of ecological zones and heritage places in every part of Canada and for all Canadians. At the same time, the service expanded the idea of what a national park could be. Historic parks, marine parks, heritage rivers, and historic canals became parts of its growing repertoire.

The world is still drawn to Canada by its mountains, its wildlife, and its wilderness, of course. The very image of the wild that any Canadian holds dear probably comes from an image of one of the national parks. But in some of today's parks, like the vast and magnificent ones in the northern territories, annual visitors may total a few dozen, rather than hundreds of thousands. Canadians now grasp that the national parks we may

never visit are as precious to us as the ones we do. We trust that those wild, untravelled landscapes are there forever, not just for us. As such, they live even more strongly in the national psyche.

Today, national parks protect places that are hardly landscapes at all and that may never be tourist lures. Parks Canada has been considering a proposal for a marine conservation area that would protect the seabed of Lancaster Sound, the great eastern gateway to the Northwest Passage. Such plans no longer exclude local expertise and local partnerships; Lancaster Sound would be managed in partnership with the Inuit of Nunavut, as Saguenay-St. Lawrence is with Parcs Québec. Lancaster Sound's preservation is still not certain; some parts of the federal government want to do seabed seismic testing first, just in case there's oil down there. As Harkin said a lifetime ago, the battle goes on forever.

It is sometimes said that the great Canadian question is, "Where is here?" And there is no better spot to ponder our place in the landscape than in a protected park. I felt that way last summer when we visited Saguenay-St. Lawrence — we were loafing along on a cruise boat out of Tadoussac, Quebec, when no doubt we should have been kayaking! The park's soaring cliffs and the deep, cold, whale-friendly waters contain everything we expect in a national park, including beauty, grandeur, protected wildlife and ecology — and little else. In this park, the roads, the hotels, the restaurants — and even the tour boats — all operate from outside a park that truly is focused on preservation more than recreation.

I hope that was a glimpse of the future for our national parks.



Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.

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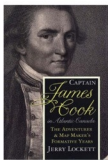
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COASTING AHEAD

**Captain James Cook in Atlantic Canada:
The Adventurer & Map Maker's Formative Years**

by Jerry Lockett
Formac Publishing, Halifax, 2010
198 pp., illus., \$29.95 hardcover

The first thing that comes to mind when I think of Captain James Cook is adventures in exotic, far-flung corners of the world. Cook, after all, put vast areas of the Pacific on the map, discovered and charted several Pacific Islands, and died tragically in an altercation in Hawaii. So it was a surprise to learn that the great explorer spent nine years in Atlantic Canada.

There have, of course, been many books written on Captain James Cook over the years. Most, however, tend to focus on his Pacific voyages and merely gloss over his years in Atlantic Canada. Granted, his time on the East Coast wasn't quite as dramatic as his Pacific adventures. But, as Jerry Lockett observes in his award-winning book *Captain James Cook in Atlantic Canada*, it was there that the young British Navy warrant officer met influential men who would become his mentors, learned the art of surveying, and developed his navigational skills.

In this engaging portrait of the explorer as a young man, Lockett focuses on Cook's formative years in Eastern Canada, describing in vivid detail his role in both the Louisbourg and Quebec campaigns, as well as his survey of Newfoundland.

James Cook arrived in Nova Scotia in 1758 aboard the *Pembroke*, one of the vessels in the English fleet that was transporting troops and arms for the assault on Louisbourg. At the time, he was a diligent but undistinguished thirty-year-old ship's master.

Born the son of a day labourer, Cook had little formal education but was intensely curious and had a prodigious thirst for knowledge. After the fall of Louisbourg, he happened to meet the military engineer Samuel Holland, who was surveying the newly acquired British territory. Cook was intrigued by the scientific methods employed by Holland, who agreed to tutor him in the use of the plane table. Before long, Cook had mastered the art and was making his own charts, which, by all accounts, were exceptionally accurate and caught the attention of the Admiralty.

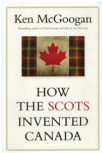
Lockett, who lives in Halifax, travelled to London while researching this book. Among Cook's papers in the British Library at St. Pancras, he discovered one of Cook's earliest charts: an unpublished plan of the Halifax Navy Yard, which was under construction at the time. The plan, Lockett states, has been overlooked by Cook's biographers and raises intriguing questions about his involvement in the creation of the Navy Yard.

In addition to being an outstanding hydrographer and navigator, Cook excelled at maintaining the health of his men. For centuries, scurvy had ravaged crews on long sea voyages, and Cook was particularly interested in finding a preventative treatment for this pestilence. Lockett devotes a whole chapter to this disease and its influence on maritime history.

James Cook was a product of his time, and no account of his life would be complete without at least touching on the Enlightenment. This era of exploration and expansion was also a period of great scientific advancement. Along with scientific progress came new developments in navigational tools and techniques, of which Cook took full advantage. Lockett, a seasoned sailor and navigator, is at his finest when discussing these early navigational instruments and practices.

The author's intimate knowledge of the history of the region, as well as his meticulous research and accessible style, make this book a compelling read.

Reviewed by **Joyce Glasner**, a Halifax-based freelance writer and author.



GREAT SCOTS

How the Scots Invented Canada

by Ken McGoogan
HarperCollins, Toronto, 2010
431 pp., illus., \$29.99 hardcover

At first glance, it seems cheeky to suggest that the Scots "invented" Canada. After all, the First Nations, the French, the English — never mind the groups that came later — can all be said to have played no small part in making Canada what it is today.

The title of Ken McGoogan's book is an attention-getter, all right. But even if you don't buy the argument that "a handful of Scots and Scottish-Canadians invented one of the world's most pluralistic countries," it's interesting to read little-known tidbits about the people McGoogan puts forward as our inventors.

Apparently, more than half of our prime ministers have had Scottish blood. Certainly, there's no argument about the Highland origins of Confederation's founder — John A. Macdonald — who was born in Glasgow. But some of our Scottish leaders have had rather un-Gaelic-sounding names. John Diefenbaker, born in Neustadt, Ontario, was in fact descended from Selkirk settlers on his mom's side. The book has a photo of Dief looking nifty in his kilt and tam-o'-shanter.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau is also not normally thought of as a Scotsman, yet his middle name — Elliott — belongs to a maternal line of Scotsmen who emigrated to New England in the 1700s and later came to Canada as United Empire Loyalists. McGoogan points out that Trudeau was much closer to his mother than to his French-Canadian father. No photos have turned up of Trudeau in a kilt, however.

McGoogan presents scores of examples

of how individual people of Scottish origin influenced Canada in politics, science, the arts, literature, commerce, and other areas. He even goes back to 1398 to demonstrate how a little-known Scot named Prince Henry Sinclair was probably the first European, after the Vikings and Basque sailors, to set foot in what is now Canada.

McGoogan — a former newspaper journalist who specializes in writing popular history about Canada's North — rests his argument that Scots invented Canada on this: The eighteenth-century Scottish enlightenment — which was rooted in Calvinist Presbyterianism that required believers to become literate so that they could read the Bible for themselves — came about at the same time as Scotland's economy was rocked by the Highland clearances. Many highly educated people found themselves with no prospects in the mother country, so off to Canada they went. Scotland ended up exporting its brightest and its best.

Those who emigrated tended to be young and ambitious. A high level of literacy produced people who thought for themselves at a time when notions of egalitarianism were gaining ground. McGoogan points out that this sense of equality led Scottish-born explorers like John Rae to learn from the indigenous people, rather than assume superiority.

As McGoogan himself points out, the idea that the Scottish enlightenment had far-reaching effects is not completely new. In 2001, American historian Arthur Herman — a Norseman by ancestry — gave the Scots near divine powers in *How the Scots Invented the Modern World: The True Story of How Western Europe's Poorest Nation Created Our World and Everything In It*. Since Herman's book devotes only a few lines to Canada, McGoogan — whose own family tree extends to Scotland — decided the Canadian connection was ripe for elaboration.

The result is a book that gives a thumb-

nailed sketch of almost every Canadian of note with any Scottish blood — from famous feminist Nellie McClung, to retail giant Timothy Eaton, to medicare founder Tommy Douglas. It's a long list.

Today, about 4.7 million people in Canada claim Scottish ancestry. They'll probably like this book.

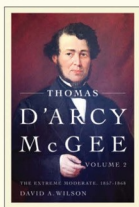
Reviewed by **Nelle Oosterom**, the Senior Editor of *Canada's History* magazine. She is not aware of any Scots in her family tree.

More Books



Strange Days: Amazing Stories from Canada's Wildest Decade
by Ted Fergusson
NeWest Press, Edmonton, 2011
280 pp., \$21.95 paperback

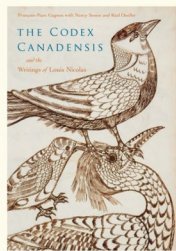
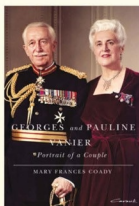
Strange Days: Amazing Stories from Canada's Wildest Decade is an assemblage of true sto-



History Comes Alive

Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Volume 2
The Extreme Moderate, 1857-1868
David A. Wilson

The much anticipated final volume of the definitive biography of one of Canada's most intriguing historical figures.



The Codex Canadensis and the Writings of Louis Nicolas
The Natural History of the New World, Histoire Naturelle des Indes Occidentales

Edited and with an introduction by François-Marc Gagnon, with Nancy Senior and Réal Ouellet

A natural history and illustrations of the New World in the seventeenth century.

Georges and Pauline Vanier
Portrait of a Couple
Mary Frances Coady

"The story of the Vanier's marriage, their spiritual quest and their devotion to Canada is deeply moving and revealing. Coady dissects two great souls with delicacy and perception to provide a rich and profoundly moving portrait of two extraordinary individuals."

—Adrienne Clarkson, author of *Norman Bethune* (Extraordinary Canadians series)

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ries about Canada in the 1920s.

Many have been fascinated with the era known as the Jazz Age, the Roaring Twenties, or the Fabulous Decade. Ted Ferguson introduces the self-indulgent period from 1920 to 1929 that ended with the stock market crash and compares it with the years leading to the "Great Recession" of 2009.

The prosperous years of the 1920s are full of stories — some humorous, some disturbing, and some downright bizarre.

Strange Days touches on prohibition, train robberies, gruesome murders, and great athletic feats. We learn of an extravagant and generous Montreal millionaire who lost it all, and about the escapades of a Cincinnati teenager who duped the *Toronto Star* and made front-page news by posing as a "wilderness boy." As Canadian author Charles Lewis noted, the era was "touched by madness."

It would have been great to see some photos enliven the pages of *Strange Days*, but all in all Ferguson's collection of tales offers an entertaining romp through some of Canada's lesser-known history. Thank goodness he dug through the archives to bring us these gems, thereby shaking the myth that Canadians are staid, polite, and boring.

—Beverly Tallon



Rose Henderson:
A Woman for the People
by Peter Campbell
McGill-Queen's University Press,
Montreal, 2010
393 pp., illus., \$44.95 hardcover

You won't find Rose Henderson's name in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* or the *Canadian Encyclopedia*. She doesn't even have a Wikipedia page. Yet, in early twentieth-century Canada, this widowed mother was likened to Florence Nightingale and Joan of Arc and described as "the premier Labor woman of Canada." When she died in 1937, the flags in Toronto were flown at half-mast.

Rose Henderson was a feminist, social reformer, and working-class advocate. Always an independent thinker, Hender-

son adjusted her rhetoric and agenda as Canada was shaken by two world wars and the Great Depression. Historians have therefore found her difficult to categorize and her story has gone largely untold.

Peter Campbell fills this gap in the historical record with *Rose Henderson: A Woman for the People*. Campbell scoured primary sources and secondary literature to provide us with a detailed biography of a complex historical figure. While his thorough approach will delight an academic reader — especially one with a background and interest in the history of Canadian feminism, labour, social reform, or the Canadian left — it will likely tire a general reader.

An important contribution to Canadian history, Campbell's book remedies a historical oversight and honours Henderson's unwavering commitment to other people.

—Joanna Dawson



A Century of Parks Canada, 1911-2011
edited by Claire Elizabeth Campbell
University of Calgary Press,
Calgary, 2011
458 pp., illus., \$34.95, paperback



Manufacturing National Park Nature
by J. Keri Cronin
UBC Press, Vancouver, 2011
228 pp., illus., \$29.95 paperback

The number of books inspired by Parks Canada's centennial has resulted in the cutting down of quite a few trees, but *A Century of Parks Canada, 1911-2011* was probably worth the sacrifice. It contains fourteen thought-provoking essays by environmental historians. As editor Claire Elizabeth Campbell points out, histories of Canada's parks system are sparse and mostly celebratory.

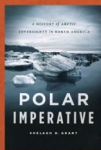
These essays attempt to correct that by tackling some crunchier issues.

For instance, Ben Bradley reminds us that parks sometimes founder. Hamber Park, an enormous provincial park in British Columbia from 1941 to 1961, was eventually reopened to development after governments lost interest in it. And Bill Waiser takes the "shack tent" controversy of Prince Albert National Park as an example of local park users clashing bitterly with Ottawa over park regulations.

George Colpitts, meanwhile, documents how the black bear evolved from a cute roadside attraction to a cranky menace that park wardens were forced to shoot in large num-

J.W. DAFOE BOOK PRIZE

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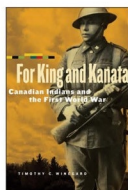
by Shlagah D. Grant
published by Douglas & McIntyre

The prize jury noted "the Canadian and international context of the book, its comprehensive approach to Arctic sovereignty, its substantial research base, and its accessibility to a wide public audience."

The \$10,000 prize for Canadians or authors resident in Canada honours outstanding non-fiction writing that contributes to the understanding of Canada, Canadians, and/or Canada's place in the world.

The submissions deadline for the 2012 prize for books published in 2011 is December 12. For more information, please contact James Fergusson, Secretary, J.W. Dafoe Foundation, c/o 351 University College, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, MB R3T 2M8 or ferguss@cc.umanitoba.ca. dafoefoundation.ca

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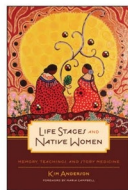


Seeing Red

A History of
Natives in
Canadian
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REVIEWS

bers, thanks to people's irresistible urge to feed them.

In her introduction, Campbell points out that the writers are citizens as well as scholars — "we write about these places because we care about them." As environmental historians, the contributors are pioneers in an emerging field of study; their sense of excitement at breaking new ground shines through.

In *Manufacturing National Park Nature*, author J. Keri Cronin raises important points about how images of nature in national parks — through photographs, postcards, posters, films, and other media — have been contrived. Nature within park boundaries is presented as untrammelled, pristine, untouched, and wild. Yet the reality of parks such as Jasper and Banff is that they are intensely managed, overrun with millions of visitors, and overlaid with busy highways, resorts, and golf courses.

Cronin, an assistant professor of visual arts at Brock University in St. Catharines, Ontario, demonstrates that images of national parks have been manipulated from day one of their creation. For instance, some nineteenth-century photographers altered the environment by cutting down trees and rearranging boulders in order to create a pleasing scene. When humans were part of the photograph — playing golf within majestic mountain scenery, enjoying the view from their cars, or even feeding the bears — their activities were viewed as harmless to the "pristine" environment.

Cronin argues that this nineteenth-century mythology of "untrammelled" wilderness persists today and is "ultimately unproductive in terms of environmental dialogue." Unfortunately, the writing gets a little fuzzy when explaining the consequences of perpetuating this myth — more clarity on this important point would have been helpful.

—Nelle Oosterom



Sailor's Hope:

The Life and Times of William Cooper
by Rusty Bittermann
McGill-Queen's University Press,
Montreal, 2010
350 pp., illus., \$32.95 paperback

William Cooper rose to prominence in the 1830s as a leader of the land reform movement on Prince Edward Island. He guided the Escheat Party to a decisive victory in the 1838 colonial election on the strength of a promise to confiscate land and redistribute it to the tenant farmers. This plan would fail, however, as Cooper was unable to secure necessary support from the colonial secretary in London.

Rusty Bittermann demonstrates in *Sailor's Hope* that there was much more to Cooper's life than his work on land reform. Born in Scotland in 1786, he worked as a sea captain, a farmer, and a land agent before shifting his focus towards Island politics in 1830. He would later try his hand at shipbuilding before leaving, with his extended family, for California. Cooper would ultimately return to the Island and local politics, before passing away in 1867.

This book is highly recommended for those with an interest in pre-Confederation politics and the history of agrarian land reform.

—Ryan O'Connor



Winnipeg Beach:

Leisure and Courtship in a Resort Town, 1900-1967
by Dale Barbour
University of Manitoba Press,
Winnipeg, 2011
226 pp., illus., \$24.95 paperback

Winnipeg Beach, now a growing retirement town north of Winnipeg, was once a bustling vacation region, complete with a boardwalk, amusement strip, dance hall, and wooden roller coaster. There was also an "upper-class" hotel, The Empress, which burnt down in 1935.

The Canadian Pacific Railway's daily runs and weekend "Moonlight Specials" made the destination on Lake Winnipeg easily accessible and very popular. The railway accommodated the picnickers, cabin owners and renters, and day trippers with fast, affordable rides to the park starting in 1901. Both the trip itself and subsequent

beach encounters made for a dating playground. The beach experience also helped to blur the lines of class, religion, and ethnicity.

As times changed and the automobile became king, the resort area's popularity diminished. The CPR pulled out of the unprofitable situation in 1967, demolishing most traces of its existence.

Whether you have been to the area or simply lived through the time period author Dale Barbour recounts, it's worth a trip down memory lane to Winnipeg Beach. Behind the photos, interviews, quotes, and comparisons with other resort parks, Barbour offers social, moral, and even fashion history, making his book an informative and entertaining read.

—Beverly Tallon



Maurice Richard
by Charles Foran
Penguin Canada, Toronto, 2011
182 pp., illus., \$26 hardcover

I can barely skate, and my slapshots are feeble at best. But if I could skate with the best of them, and even if my shot was devastating, I still don't think I would want to go up against Maurice "The Rocket" Richard.

Intimidating doesn't begin to describe the man. With his wild-eyed stare, his sniper's aim, and his willingness to throw vicious fists and elbows with abandon, he was a terrible foe to face on the ice—but also a great skater to have on your side.

In one of the final volumes of the Extraordinary Canadians series, Charles Foran explores the life of the Montreal Canadiens star who became a hero to nationalist francophones in Quebec. Foran's prose is especially eloquent and is itself worth the price of the book.

You don't have to be a hockey fan to like *Maurice Richard*. This is a book for fans of great writing

—Mark Reid

In the next issue of Canada's History



War Brides

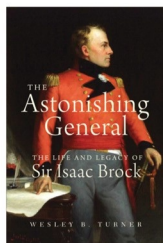
Across Canada, war brides associations are shutting their doors. "We've lived too long," laments one woman. We celebrate the achievements of these members of the "greatest generation." By Philip Lee.

Hell in Hong Kong

It's been seventy years since Canadian troops were given the hopeless task of reinforcing the British garrison in Hong Kong. To this day, few Canadians know the terrible details of what happened after they were captured. By Nathan M. Greenfield.

Old Sites, New Stories

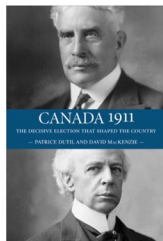
As the stories of Canada's past evolve to incorporate new voices and different viewpoints, so too the places that tell these stories must change to embody new versions of history. By Claire Campbell.



THE ASTONISHING GENERAL

The Life and Legacy of Sir Isaac Brock
by Wesley D. Turner

One of the most enduring legacies of the War of 1812 was the creation of heroes and heroines. The earliest of those heroic individuals was Isaac Brock. It's striking how a British general whose military role in that two-and-a-half-year war lasted less than five months became the best known hero, and one revered far and wide.



CANADA 1911

The Decisive Election that Shaped a Country

by Patrice Dutil & David MacKenzie

One hundred years ago, Canadians went to the polls to decide the fate of their country in an election that raised issues vital to Canada's national independence and its place in the world. Canada 1911 revisits and re-examines this momentous turn in Canadian history.

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Time travel

A little road trip can go a long way toward understanding historical events.

Last June, during a voyage around Scotland, a history-buff friend told me about attending a talk by an academic historian who had written a book featuring a section on the 1758 siege of the Fortress of Louisbourg. My friend noted, with some dismay, that the professional seemed to take pride in the fact that he had never visited the fortress, though he could have gotten there by undertaking a two-day drive.

Appalled but unsurprised, I could only shake my head. During a previous historical adventure — when we had flown north out of Winnipeg in small planes — I had told my fellow voyager that, in my opinion, nobody should write history or biography without visiting relevant locations.

Why so? Well, for example, when I was researching *Race to the Polar Sea*, about Philadelphia-born explorer Elisha Kent Kane, I visited the well-preserved home of his grandfather, a local celebrity. There, where Kane had spent many summers, I gleaned volumes about his youth and early manhood. I also learned from a local historian that I was the first biographer ever to visit the place.

Three years earlier, when I was working on *Lady Franklin's Revenge*, I sojourned in the upscale London residence that had once been home to Lady Franklin and is today a Quaker retreat. I also travelled to Lincolnshire to see where, in an apartment above a shop (now a bakery), John Franklin had grown up. For me, this double immersion in place revealed the dynamics of their marriage: The “good Sir John” never felt quite good enough for Jane Franklin, and never ceased struggling to impress her.

Now, to my history-buff friend, who is some years younger than me, I reiterated my belief in going to the actual site. It increases understanding, adds colour, and generates emotion and energy. I invoked our experi-

Canada's History columnist Ken McGoogan stands beside a ruin at Loch Finlaggan on the island of Islay in Scotland.



ence of the preceding few days. We were three-quarters of the way through a Celtic Quest voyage with Adventure Canada, sailing on a ship with about one hundred passengers, and we had piled into inflatable Zodiacs to venture ashore on several islands.

On the island of Islay, best known for its whisky distilleries — think Lagavulin, Laphroig, Bowmore — we made our way to Lake, or Loch, Finlaggan, once the centre of the Lordship of the Isles. From this location, the earliest Macdonalds had ruled a Gaelic-Norse sea kingdom that, for three centuries, remained essentially independent of both Scotland and Norway.

Exploring the stone ruins on a tiny island in the middle of the lake, a visitor comes face-to-face with the parliamentary practices of the Lords of the Isles. The Macdonald chiefs and their thanes or sub-lords would arrive from islands north and south, pulling their craft ashore on the sandy beaches of Islay. Then, they would conduct meetings on tiny Council Island while the less powerful stood gathered on a larger island nearby,

permitted only to watch and listen.

Both groups included the ancestors of tens of thousands of contemporary Canadians, people with surnames like MacNicol, MacEachern, MacKay, MacGillivray, MacMillan — you get the idea. Not only that, but, for this voyager at least, seeing the island arrangement drove home the extent of Norse influence on both Scottish and Canadian traditions: This business of meeting on Council Island derived from the Vikings.

After visiting Islay, we sailed to Barra, where, among other things, we rambled around Kisimul Castle, ancient stronghold of the Clan MacNeill. It stands offshore on a tiny islet — a location that made it hard to attack. On an upper floor of the castle, some of us stuck our heads out the window through which, each evening, a minion would appear and holler: “MacNeill of Barra has dined and now the world may dine!”

That detail: Where else could one hope to pick it up? And later, while gazing at Kisimul Castle from the water, this voyager could not help thinking of the 370 locals

(seventy-five families) who, in 1802, sailed from here for Pictou, Nova Scotia. They were driven by hardship, and their view of the castle and environs from the water was the last view they had of the only home they had ever known.

And what of our visit to Orkney, in the northern reaches of Scotland? Most literate Canadians are aware that in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries the islands of Orkney provided most of the workers for the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC), which played a central role in developing Canada. On the outskirts of Stromness, we visited the boyhood home of HBC explorer John Rae, a once-grand mansion now in rough condition. I had visited for the first time in 1998, while researching Rae for *Fatal Passage*, so for me this viewing packed a wallop.

In Kirkwall, fourteen miles away, nobody who enters St. Magnus Cathedral, as we did, can fail to appreciate the sophistication of the Scandinavian society that built this edifice in the 1100s — almost one thousand years ago. Yet in Orkney, which has the greatest concentration of prehistoric sites in Europe, even the Viking era begins to feel like it was only yesterday.

We visited the four-thousand-year-old Ring of Brodgar, a circle of Neolithic standing stones that many people find more magical than Stonehenge. Through a tunnel, we entered Maes Howe, a massive chambered cairn, replete with etched communications, built around 2700 BC. And at Skara Brae we explored the ruins of a Neolithic village comprised of ten homes in which people lived more than five thousand years ago.

That evening, before the ship sailed, we got a taste of contemporary Orkney. Tom Muir, an archivist and historian who travels internationally as a storyteller, brought some of his pals on board to entertain — these included two acclaimed bands: Hullion and the Wrigley Sisters. Surrounded by ancient history, today's Orcadians assert their vitality by telling stories and making music.

Experiencing that — ancient context, contemporary response — enhances our sense of the human condition. So I said, or perhaps just meant to say, as we sailed

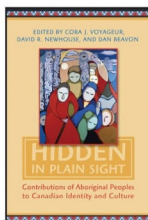
north towards Shetland. To the original question, I did return: Can people write history or biography without visiting relevant locations? Sure, I said: They can write books. But if they were to undertake some focused visitation, they could write better ones. They might even write books that

others want to read. 📖



Ken McGoogan, author of four bestsellers about Arctic exploration, sails as a resource historian with *Adventure Canada*. His latest book is *How the Scots Invented Canada*.

NEW FROM UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

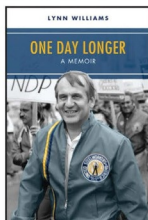


HIDDEN IN PLAIN SIGHT

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edited by Cora J. Voyageur, et al.

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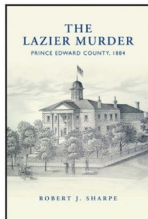


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by Robert J. Sharpe

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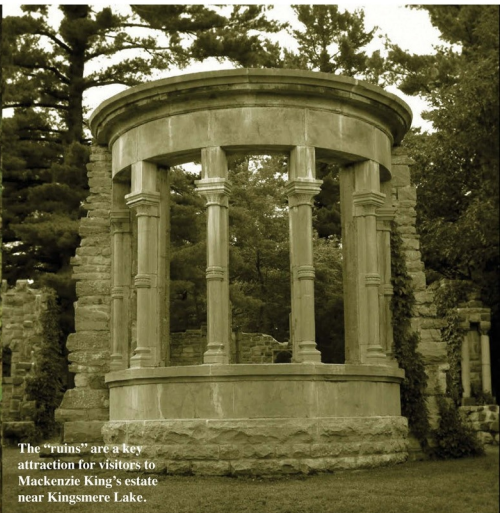
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The gift of Gatineau

The capital region's famed park was a former prime minister's cherished refuge. by Lisa Keller



Hikers walk a trail around Pink Lake in Gatineau Park.



The "ruins" are a key attraction for visitors to Mackenzie King's estate near Kingsmere Lake.

I am breathless with exertion — and elation — at conquering the steep ascent to Pink Lake. "It's by no means an easy feat," my companion Greg Crevier laughs.

We are cycling the paved and hilly roads of Gatineau Park, a nature reserve with a diverse ecosystem and considerable cultural heritage. The park is wedged at the confluence of the Ottawa and Gatineau rivers, just fifteen minutes by car north of Parliament Hill.

More than a hundred years ago, William Lyon Mackenzie King, Canada's tenth and longest-serving prime minister, also biked the area. It's easy to see why he fell in love with the region. He purchased a large chunk of it and

ensured that the public would enjoy its beauty for generations to come.

Like many other people of his time, King came here to retreat from the grime of the capital city. Although Ottawa is cleaner now, its residents still flock here year-round to enjoy treasured features such as Pink Lake.

We discover that Pink Lake, named after the Irish farming family who settled nearby in 1826, is actually a startling shade of green. However, the beautiful emerald colour is a recent phenomenon caused by eutrophication. Recreational use of the lake caused erosion, which released nutrients that led to excess algae growth. Efforts are now being made to rehabilitate Pink Lake and preserve its unique characteristics.

Formed after the glaciers retreated, it is home to the three-spined stickleback, a saltwater fish that adapted over thousands of years to the fresh water of this lake.

The names of other settlers — Fortune, Meech, Lusk, Mousseau — also live on as place names dotting the park.

Evidence of human habitation goes back five thousand years. Early in the seventeenth century, Algonquin First Nations greeted French explorers Samuel de Champlain and Étienne Brûlé, who lend their names to two of the park's lookouts. Coureurs de bois lured by the rich trade in beaver pelts soon followed, including the park's namesake, Nicholas de la Gatineau.

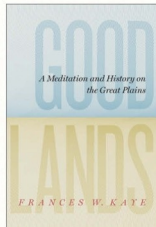


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**GOODLANDS
A MEDITATION AND HISTORY ON
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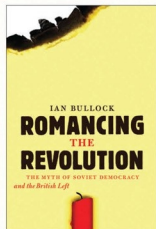


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SCAN TO SEE
OTHER GREAT
HISTORY TITLES
FROM AU PRESS



Remounting our bikes, we continue northwest until a green sign directs us into the Mackenzie King Estate.

King fell into a lifelong love affair with Gatineau's brooding beauty and in 1903 bought a small piece of land on Kingsmere Lake. As he rose in power, becoming prime minister in 1921, he continued buying land, eventually owning an elaborate 230-hectare property, three summer cottages, and a year-round residence.

We follow groups of schoolchildren through white gates and over paving stones laid by King himself. In addition to maintaining hundreds of kilometres of trails in the park, the National Capital Commission offers curriculum-based learning for school groups — in effect, the park does double duty as a giant outdoor classroom.

We wander, taking tea at Moorside cottage, where King entertained guests such as Winston Churchill and Charles Lindbergh.

We enjoy the French- and English-style formal gardens designed by King and the collection of ruins he lovingly constructed and tended. During the last years of his life, he restored an old farmhouse on his estate and it was here that he died in 1950. King's estate was bequeathed to the Canadian public.

Leaving the estate, we head for the Champlain Lookout atop the Eardley escarpment. Forming a dividing line between the Canadian Shield and the St. Lawrence Lowlands, the escarpment's unique positioning creates a warm and dry microclimate. Many visitors share this bird's-eye view of the Ottawa Valley with us. The park receives more than 1.7 million visits a year, with fall a particularly busy time — the colours displayed by over fifty species of trees draw admirers from far and wide.

The next morning I direct my car along a narrow, winding route on the south side of Meech Lake, named after the Reverend Asa Meech, who arrived in the mid-nineteenth century.

Mining and logging were starting in earnest here then. Towering white pine trees, highly valued for ship masts, were felled and run down the Ottawa and Gatineau rivers, along the same route that iron ore, molybdenite, phosphate, and mica were shipped out after mining.

Logging intensified during the Great Depression, prompting a lobby by preservationists bent on stopping wholesale cutting in the Meech and Kingsmere sectors. King's government responded with the creation of Gatineau Park in 1938.

I see no remaining signs of clear-cutting as privately owned cottages and homes of all sizes and price tags dip in and out of view. Across the lake stands the former summer home of Thomas "Carbide" Willson, who made local industrial history by manufacturing calcium carbide. He was also the first person in Ottawa to own a car. His home was built in 1907 and was eventually converted to a government conference centre. It's most famously remembered as the 1987 site of constitutional talks leading to the Meech Lake Accord.

Taking highways skirting the park, it takes me thirty minutes to reach Parent Beach on Philippe Lake in the less-busy northwestern area of the park. A welcoming picnic table allows fuelling up for the two-hour, five-kilometre walk to Lusk Cave.

I carry two flashlights and rain gear in preparation for the naturally formed marble cave. Inside, I can move fairly easily, with no chance of getting lost.

Other cave explorers wear hard hats, and I am careful of my head as I ease through the dripping, murky lit interior.

The lake's shoreline leads me back to my car. Campers in canoes slide by, and a loon cries eerily before slipping beneath the water's silky surface.

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Lisa Keller is an Ottawa freelance writer.

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The 2011 winners
of the Canadian
Aboriginal Writing
Challenge, Alyssa
Megan General, left,
and Candace Toma.

SPECIAL SECTION



STORIED WRITING

Emerging writers flourish at Aboriginal writing challenge.

For the seventh year in a row, many of the country's young Aboriginals put pen to paper to enter the 2011 Canadian Aboriginal Writing Challenge.

Participants from ages fourteen to twenty-nine were asked to submit a piece of writing that reflects on their cultural history.

Fourteen-year-old Candace Toma was the first place winner in the fourteen-to-eighteen-year-old category. Candace lives in Natuashish, Labrador, and is a member of the Mushuau Innu First Nation. Her submission "Timeline: Ghost of the Future," is about the forced relocation of her community from Davis Inlet to the town of Natuashish in 2002.

"The movement of people from one town to another sounds just like a bunch of facts when you read them in a book or newspaper," Candace said. "I wanted to show how painful it can be to be moved from your home and put in a strange place."

Twenty-three-year-old Alyssa Megan General claimed the top prize for the nineteen-to-twenty-nine-year-old category. A member of the Six Nations of the Grand River Territory from Ohsweken, Ontario, Megan says that she was inspired by both her mother and her daughter.

"Since my daughter's birth I have often thought of the lessons I would like to impart to her," Megan said. "If I were to pass on

anything to my daughter, it would be those concepts of peace, power, a good mind, as well as empathy."

Megan's poem "Enkonte'nikonhrakwarhiysat'e (I will straighten out your mind)," combines legend with the history of the Haudenosaunee (Iroquois) Confederacy.

Her poem focuses on the character of Tekanawita (the Peacemaker) as he sets out to create the alliance and helps heal troubled men along the way.

Candace and Megan both attended the awards reception held on June 6th in Toronto. An impressive mix of Aboriginal authors, artists, community members, and leaders were present, including Assembly of First Nations Regional Chief Angus Toulouse. Giller Prize winner Joseph Boyden was the Master of Ceremonies.

"This year proved to be a phenomenal one in terms of how many young First Nations, Métis, and Inuit people took up the challenge. This baby continues to grow, and the passion of the voices of our country's First Peoples can't be denied. I'm honoured to be a part of it," said Boyden, who has Métis ancestry.

The Canadian Aboriginal Writing Challenge was established in 2005 and has been organized by the Historical Dominion Institute since 2009.

—Joanna Dawson





CANDACE TOMA

Fourteen years old
Natuashish, Labrador
Mushuau Innu

Timeline: Ghost of the Future

If you follow the timeline of my people it extends far into the past. The Innu have made Labrador their home for thousands of years. My teacher said, on flying over and seeing the land for the first time, “rough land — tough people.” That is the truth. Throughout our history, we have been hunters, nomads following the caribou herds; living on the land in harmony with nature. In the recent past, however, that has all changed.

I see the past, both my own and that of the Innu people, in flashbacks; images like snapshots that flicker across my mind and are gone in an instant. A recurring mental picture I see is that of my people’s first contact with outsiders. I am standing there watching. Silently I observe the way this event altered the timeline and forever changed my people’s future.

What happened? The past has passed by. What is happening? Now is the future’s past. What will happen? This is the past that has not yet been born in people’s minds.

The Past: I make my first journey to the past. My mind travels back to my grandfather’s time. Although we had traded with Europeans for centuries, during World War Two the outside world began to intrude more and more into the lives of the Innu of Labrador.

As far back as I can remember, everyone called my grandfather, William Katshinak, “Master,” including my Dad. However, in my vision, he is only nine or ten years old. He is with his family by the lake. They are living in a tent. There are some other families close by. The men have all gone hunting but William is too young to go. His mother is telling him to go fetch some water. He is dressed in traditional clothes made from caribou hide and he wears moccasins on his feet. He is fighting with his sister and his mother is losing patience. All of a sudden, they hear a strange noise. They have never heard anything like it. The noise is getting louder and louder.

There! Out over the water! A large flying... thing! It’s coming directly for the tent. William begins to

run; his mother and sister are close behind. I feel their fright... their panic! They are soon running out of breath and their hearts are beating like drums! I know it’s an airplane but feeling what they feel, the story doesn’t seem as funny now.

The Present: I feel uncomfortable writing. It seems that no one understands. I think to myself: “Will people be able to read what I write and truly grasp what I’m trying to say?” I get frustrated and start to curse them for their lack of insight. I know this is foolish, but learning to write is a difficult process. Putting what’s in my head down on a piece of paper seems so... unusual. If you are reading this I hope my words are enough to help you understand. This is my story.

My name is Candace Toma. I am fourteen years old. I was born in 1996. It was May 3, to be exact. I am currently in Grade Eight and I am visually impaired. I have Stargardt’s disease but I don’t use any assistive technology like Braille. I guess you might say I’m stubborn. I love reading, but it is becoming increasingly difficult. Even though my eyesight may be failing, my vision remains whole. I see things as they have been, how they are and, also, how they could be.

I am Mushuau Innu and I live in a small, isolated town in Labrador called Natuashish. There are about seven hundred people living here year round. Our town is only nine-years-old; not too old, as towns go. This is a new settlement. It is a community that was built to replace our old one, Utshimassit (Davis Inlet) — a place that was left behind — a place full of memories.

The Past: I close my eyes. I travel down the timeline. My recollection of my early childhood is like a videotape being rewind. Stop! That’s it! There I am! I started school in Davis Inlet! I’m trying hard but the picture is fuzzy — the images come in bits and pieces. I can’t recollect exactly what it was like going to school there because I only did one term before the move.

I do remember that my teacher was oversized; loud and scary to a little person like me. It was hard getting used to school. I remember the teacher yelling a lot when the kids made mistakes. We never even got to officially graduate from kindergarten. There was no ceremony — we got lost in the confusion.

The Present: The school is a wreck now. The roof is caving in and the place is full of snow. The windows are long gone — desks, books, and papers lie everywhere. It reminds me of a horror movie set — all ready to film.



People in Natuashish still dream about Davis Inlet. They talk about it all the time. The way they look at the town there are many emotions that come back. They sigh, lower their eyes and mutter under their breath. I heard one woman whisper: "Ah, memories... good and bad." Sometimes it must hurt to remember.

The Past: I am back in Davis! I can see my grandparents' house! They lived by the water and there was a big tree close by. It seems so huge. I am only three or four years old. Through the window in their bedroom I can see a blue canoe and a grey boat with a motor. My Mom and I often walk along the water's edge to her mother's house. I can see it so clearly — the blue boat, the blue water, the blue sky. It is so beautiful it hurts my eyes.

I remember being on my uncle's porch and suddenly running across the road. That's when the four-wheeler hit me. Ouch! Some memories are best left alone.

My grandparents cried the day we left. My Dad urged them to keep going and to not look back. We waited in the middle of the ice for them. They were very sad. They said it would not be any better. It would be worse.

The Present: Our new town, Natuashish, is gorgeous. Back in Davis we never had toilets or bathtubs. Only white people had those comforts. Everyone needed them but few had them. Is that ugly, or what? If I could change the past, I would. Life is life. You turn the page and go on.

My grandparents were right. Things did get worse. The problems followed us from Davis, hiding in all the excitement of a new beginning. A lot of people have died before their time. At first we thought it was just bad luck. I think it's the change — the switch from one way of life to another.

Gas sniffing, alcohol, drugs, and suicide are what the outside world thinks about when they read about Natuashish. The earlier images of kids huffing gas in Davis have caused the world to judge us. It is more convenient to stereotype than to seek the truth. We are human. We are no better or worse than anyone else. We have some problems. As we always do, the Innu will overcome and survive.

I returned to Utsimassit about two months ago and it scared me. It was eerie and lonely. The doors were all open, waiting for someone to come in. I felt trapped. I was dying to get out. I had this strange sensation that I was being watched.

The Future: I chuckle as I close the book. "You were being watched," I say to myself, "by a ghost of the future." I get up from my desk. The sunlight streams in my window. Outside, I hear children laughing and playing — the sounds of happiness. I open the door, go out and greet the day.



ALYSSA MEGAN GENERAL
Twenty-three years old
Oshweken, Ontario
Six Nations of
the Grand River Territory.

Enkonte' nikonhrakwarĩhsya'te (I will straighten out your mind)

Loss

I awoke from my sleep, and all the warmth that made my house a home had up and gone in the night. The living frame which inhaled and exhaled with the lives of seven others ran cold. Death's acquaintance filled itself with my vacant rooms, and replaced the flux and rhythm of my daily life with stagnant air too acrid to breath. But still no one came to fill the space, to pardon Death's lengthy visit. So I abandoned my home just as others had abandoned me, and no longer did I live with my grief but I became it. If I were to see someone in my state, I should go to him and take down his sorrows.

Royewatha (He is still Awake)

I've sequestered myself from these unpalatable truths of man
And in doing so turned myself inwards
Into a monster,
For their words are as yielding as their flesh
And so easily their virtues tear when tooth and nail do crave a moral feast.
I do not cater to the way they hunger,
But how I wish I could teeth to tongue
Twist the apathy from their pallets.
With such an appetite as this,
I should be satisfied.
But the bodies I've buried are all my own;
My heart, my soul, my blood, my bone.
In seven pieces I have been wretched apart
With nothing to sift my losses through,
Discard me like a hollow thing
Or lift my grief from me,
And make me new.

Tekanawita

I have come this far.
I have traversed the path of death
And listened as the thickest scuttled with the sounds of old and restless things,
I have followed your road,
Crooked and snaked,
And watched others seduce and dishevel you through these altered states.



But I will make you new again.
I will take your sorrows down,
And recite them as you have to me
Come with me brother,
And I will sing you back into the world again and out of your
dark season.

Thatotarho (He is bent)

A sunken hollow gapes where the soul should remain
eternal.
Purged of any empathy that would shape this monster into
a man
But I have long since discarded those qualities
And traded my flesh for the cold comfort of ice
And exchanged those meals that would sustain me
For those that would give me power.
For if man's body is a temple,
Than I am the disease that seeks to obscure and devour its
strength.
There is no high holy heart that could lever this anchor from
my own
For without blinking an eye
I will cut yours from you
And dress it to feast upon if it so suits my mood.
We are selfish.
We are so careful to watch our own skin
Than to show any discernable compassion for others.
I am the monster,
But perhaps it is you who has made me so.

Breathe on a Flame

Come with me brother,
Let me sing you back into the world again and out of your
dark season.
I will not refrain,
Nor shall that fire in me falter for it has been born in
others.
I will sing for you,
And if your cold heart should reduce my tinder to ash,
Another's voice rise where the embers I sparked have
fallen.
We each will breathe life into you again.

Tangled Hair

Enkonte'nikonhrakwarisya'te.
(I will straighten out your mind)
You let me comb your hair for you.
As I ran my fingers through each strand it writhed and
snapped, twisted and bit until my fingers were flush with
blood. When I finished, a coiled mess of snakes lay at my
feet, my hands were stained with crimson, but you were
well again.

Crooks in a Spine

I laid my hands upon your back
Broken, crooked, contorted, and hooked.
I rebuilt the shambles of your bent and broken form, and
breathed life back into you again. You are man once more.
Come brother,
I have sung you back into the world again, and out of your
dark season.
Wa'konte'nikonhrakwarisya'te.
(I have straightened out your mind)

For more on the Aboriginal Writing Challenge, go to: Historica-Dominion.ca



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Enbridge is a proud supporter of the Canadian Writing and Arts Challenge.

This year's submissions to the Historica-Dominion Institute's Canadian Aboriginal Writing and Arts Challenge are an amazing testament to the strong connection between aboriginal youth, their community and their history. We would like to congratulate the 2011 Writing Challenge winners Candace Toma and Alyssa Megan General, as well as 2011 Arts Challenge winners Taylor Thom and Joseph Tisiga. Their creativity is inspiring, and represents one of the many reasons we are proud to be part of this challenge through our School Plus program.

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Left to right: Taylor Thom, Joseph Tisiga, Alyssa Megan General, Candace Toma.

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Final journey



Mary Brierley was living in Souris, Prince Edward Island, when this photo was taken.

The year was 1912, and young Mary was walking in town when she heard the words, "Little girl, come here and have your picture taken." So, Mary and the undertaker, Will Dingwell of Dingwell Funeral Home, were photographed near his newly acquired hearse.

The carriage was black, with ornate fittings and curtains

covering the glass sides. Black horses pulled the funeral coach, befitting the solemn occasion. As the deceased was being conveyed to the cemetery — located on the outskirts of town — mourners would walk by the coach's side or travel in their own carriages.

The days of horse-drawn hearses had come to be a thing of the past by the time Mary left this world. She lived to be just shy of one hundred, departing in 2004. 📍

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

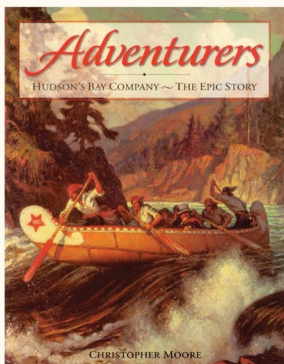
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